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HOPE ON.

BY ADA.

A lesson in itself sublime,
A lesson worth enshrining,
Is this—"I take no note of time,
Save when the sun is shining."
These motto words a dial bore,
And wisdom never preaches
To human heart a better score
Than this short sentence teaches.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So Hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it.
And if to-day the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart a blessing.

We bid the joyous moments haste,
And then forget their glitter—
We take the cup of life, and taste
No portion but the bitter;
But we should teach our hearts to deem
Its sweetest drops the strongest—
And pleasant hours should ever seem
To linger round us longest.

The darkest shadows of the night
Are just before the morning;
Then let us wait the coming light,
All boding phantoms scorning;
And while we're passing on the tide
Of Time's fast ebbing river,
Let's pluck the blossoms by its side,
And bless the gracious Giver.

FAY ALLEYNE;

OR,

THE WIFE'S ORDEAL.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JENNIE OF 'THE PRINCE'S.'"

III.—Night.

Constance Balfour stays on without any request from me. In due course Charley comes home; he seems a little surprised at the turn affairs have taken, but submits himself quietly as is his wont. Not a word is said of that row we were to have had together. We dine early, and a fly is ordered to take us to the opera afterwards. Mrs. Balfour arranges and settles it all with Charley. In my present mood, I listlessly enough move and do just as I am bid, not even caring to resist. She had foreseen, forestalled, all difficulties. She has brought her dress with her, and takes possession of the spare room and of the services of the needlewoman, who on such occasions is accustomed to act as maid for me.

Mrs. Balfour always looks her best at night. The heightened color on cheek and lip, the deepened line about the eyes, show none the less attractively in the glitter of diamonds and the rosy sheen of heavy silks. I watch my husband's admiring glance at her as tall and graceful she sweeps into the room. Is it not natural he should turn disapprovingly from my sad face and my plain, wilfully plain black dress? Smiles and decorative art are for her, who seems to have taken all sunshine out of my life. Now that all seems dark and gloomy about me, why should I not adapt my clothing to my sad thoughts?

Presently we are seated in the much-talked-of box. Patti is singing to us of all the woes of Lucia. Music has always seemed to me the fitting interpreter of thoughts that cannot be spoken, and Lucia's imaginary anguish becomes to me the poignant sorrow that is throbbing within me. I lean back and close my eyes, silent, but peaceful. Mrs. Balfour has seated herself with her back to the stage, and is much occupied in exhibiting her diamonds to the house. Still she has time to spare for many whispers to Charley, whose head is necessarily very near to hers. To all this provocation I have resolutely shut my eyes. I try not to listen to her whispering, and only to hear the warbling of that sympathetic, sorrowful voice on the stage. * * * * Lucia's emotional griefs come to a melodious end. The curtain falls. Mrs. Balfour rouses me with a tap of her fan and a mocking laugh.

"Overcome, my dear Fay?" she says. "No wonder you wished to stay at home if you only care to sleep through an opera."

I look straight into her eyes, but say no word. Something in my face silences her for a time.

We get into our jolting vehicle. Charley does not like his horses out at night. I have vague hopes of being upset and that some accident, some loss of limb, may happen to divert me from brooding on this deadly sickness at my heart. No such chance! The driver is slow and cautious, and we go jolting steadily on. To sit cooped up in that small space, compelled to breathe the atmosphere of scents with which Mrs. Balfour chooses to surround herself, is a greater trial to my nerves than they have ever suffered before.

Charley is sitting opposite to her, and each time a lamp flashes momentary light on to his face, I see that his eyes are riveted on hers.

We go into the dining-room together, where coffee is waiting. Mechanically I go to the small side table to pour it out. I am standing opposite the old-fashioned mirror that hangs between the windows. The sight of my white, drawn face attracts me, and then—something—a movement reflected *there* of what is happening behind me. * * * * *She* has crept close to my husband. * * * * She lays her hands on his, she lifts her lips to his stealthily, and moves back to her former place. I neither turn nor speak, I do not even drop the cup I am holding, but I look into the mirror no more. It has reflected too much!

"You are a long time with that coffee, Fay; shall I come and help you?" she says, and comes towards me. And as she so comes the floor seems to move under my feet, there is a deafening sound in my ears, the ceiling, the walls, *the mirror*, all float away together, and I fall senseless to the ground.

* * * * * *

We are in Brighton. I have been very ill, but am better again now.

"Some sudden shock, nerves sadly shaken; these things are not to be accounted for," so says the doctor, and bids Mr. Alleyne take me away to the sea. He cannot remain with me, so Brighton is chosen because it is get-at-able. We have rooms at the Grand Hotel.

"That will be better and more lively than lodgings for the poor little woman with the shaken nerves,"—so Charley says, laughing.

He is kind and considerate to me, laughs at me, plays with me, nurses me, treats me like a spoilt child, and—loves me no longer.

Each morning he leaves for town he places a low chair on the balcony for me, sees the sunblinds shadingly drawn, brings a cushion for my shoulders, another for my feet, lays my lace work on my novel beside me, gives me a kiss, kindly bids me "cheer up," and goes away to his work. Lace work, novel, cushions! He little thinks that, as soon as he has really gone, I dash them all to the ground and pace the long room wildly in a very agony of jealous fury. Do I not feel, do I not know, that with that smile on his face—the face I love—he will go to *her* presently, to the woman I hate, to my rival? Ten times more tenderly than he ever speaks to me now, he will go and speak to her? How is this to end? What can I do? Who is to help me? Who is to punish her? Her—the false woman whose trusting husband and children are far away, and who so abuses the confidence shown to her.

Sometimes I try to think I dreamt that horrid vision; but, alas! I feel it was no dream. Shall I go to her? Shall I appeal to her for mercy, and show her how she is breaking my heart? No, that triumph she shall not have, nor would that win my husband back to me. Shall I make another attempt at showing him the misery he is bringing on us both? Shall I tell him all I know? I shrink from the very shame of it. Shall I go to his mother? Shall I travel up north into her peaceful country home and tell her how badly things are going with us, with us who, but a month ago, were the happiest people on earth? To what avail? It would sadly grieve the dear old lady, and surely, surely our days of sunshine are not all over! I will speak to my husband once again. Without anger, without bitterness, but with all the strength that is in me for truth and honest love, I will appeal to him and to his better nature. There must be some response. In him I have centred every wish, every thought; beyond him I have cared for no one, for nothing. Is this God's punishment in that I have raised up a man to bow down before and worship? My husband has become an idol to me, and I am to learn now that he is made of very mortal clay! Will God help me if I, penitent, confess my sin to Him and ask for mercy?

Such are the thoughts in my mind day after day. In such mental anguish do I spend the weary hours when Charley has left me. When a week is so lived through, I implore to be taken home. But my request is refused point-blank.

"You look so weary and ill, my child, it would be cruel to take you away from the invigorating breeze here." So says Charley, and then adds, "I fear you will not be well enough after all to go to that ball on the 30th?" He asks the question, but avoids my eyes.

"That ball for which Mrs. Balfour offered to get us tickets?" I ask.

"Yes; the very last one at Willis's Rooms until the winter. Perhaps by that time you will feel better and like to go; and if you wish to do so—"

"Charley, have you promised to go?"

"Most certainly."

"Then you will not come down at all that evening?"

"That I cannot do, of course."

"Charley; don't stand with your back to me. I want to look into your face."

"Beg pardon, madam," he answers, laughing, as he approaches the sofa on which I am lying. "I was watching a boat going out full sail, laden with excursionists, who are spending their Sunday in what appears to me very questionable enjoyment."

"Charley," I say presently, timidly, but quite firmly, "you must give up that ball for both our sakes. Do not turn away again, dear, and don't mutter naughty words, that will help neither of us. Come and sit here beside me. Indeed, I have no wish to be unreasonable or exacting, or in the very least to vex you. I have prayed God to give me strength to speak to you quietly, and to let my words touch that soft place in your heart that was once all mine, and that you are now wilfully hardening against me." I feel that the steady resolution in my tone has some effect upon him. He seats himself by my side, but he has not looked at me yet. "Charley, I will not say one word about your far past, that does not belong to me; and though I bitterly regret now that you did not fully trust me, and tell it all to me when we resolved to have no secrets from one another, still I will not even touch on it at all. But the present is mine. You are my husband, and if ever woman loved, I love you; there is nothing I could refuse you if you asked me, nothing I would not do to serve you. I have given my life into your keeping—oh! so willingly—and I have only one wish, to use it for your, benefit, your comfort, your happiness!" Here Charley means to interrupt me, but I say quickly, "No, dear, I want neither a smile nor a kiss just now, I only beg a little patience from you, for I have not yet said all." My lips and cheeks are burning, and I can scarcely utter the next words. It is so hard to have to say them to him; but it has to be, so I continue, "You have not been quite true to me lately, husband. Old recollections have taken possession of your imagination, and she with whom they are linked, and who played with your love in the past, is playing with our present happiness. Dear husband, do not let us risk that, it is too great a good to trifle with, surely."

"This is absurd, Fay; we have had a stupid scene that ended badly once before, I decline to listen." With that he jumps up and walks towards the window; then, half relenting adds, "I am really sorry for you, child; sorry that a dear, sensible little woman like yourself should so blind herself to facts as to imagine—"

"Charley, indeed I keep to facts. I wish I could be blind. Here is a letter such as no woman should write to a married man who is not her husband. This letter was written to you by Mrs. Balfour, and she calls you 'Dearest love of olden days'—Mrs. Balfour who, in my presence, chose to lift her face to yours for a kiss. Have I not strong facts to go upon, Charley?" He is away at the window again, with his back towards me. Is he watching excursionists? I go up to him presently, and lay my hand on his arm—timidly enough.

"My poor Fay, my poor little wife, oh! how you have suffered. I see my folly now. Will you forgive me?"

* * * * * *

In the evening Charley and I go to church together, and peace seems once again to enter into my heart.

Next day Charley does not go to town at all. He takes me for a long drive, away from the hot town into country lanes, and on to a beautiful place called Stanmer Park. Towards evening we return over the great open down, where we have to pick our way somewhat carefully over a jolly grass road. Brighton lies below us, in all its spreading "towniness." So I say to Charley, who reprimands me for the coining of such words. Truly this has been a happy day, and I only wish it could last on and on, for weeks. He is beside me, so loving, so kind once again, and he laughs at my small jokes and teazes me, as was his wont in the old happy days that have seemed so long ago,—and now have begun for us once again. When he and I are together thus, I feel there is nothing left me to wish for in all the wide world. Only a prayer comes that this may not change.

Next day Charley goes to town, but returns early, we have a pleasant evening on the beach, he smoking, I sitting beside him in peace and idleness. On the third day Charley misses his usual train, and comes back to the hotel as he has an hour to wait.

"I shall walk up with you now to the station," say I, putting on my hat. Together we climb the station hill, and I go on to the platform with my beloved, and watch him as he takes his place in the carriage, and my heart is full of an aching tenderness, and I wish I might go with him. This is the eventful 30th—the day of the ball. It was on my lips to say so to him, but I checked the impulse. Since Sunday neither he nor I have in the most distant way alluded to Mrs. Balfour. I look after the train that carries him from me with a strange sinking of the heart. As I make my way home the July sun beats so hotly upon me that I feel almost faint, and creep wearily into the cool vestibule of the hotel. But though so warm and languid, I cannot keep still, I can settle to nothing. A sense of expectancy is upon me, and I wander restlessly from one room to the other and back. At four o'clock the waiter brings me what all along I seem to have been awaiting, for I take the telegram from the man quietly. I am not eager or hasty; I know the contents without looking. The message is from Charley, and reads thus:

"Unavoidably prevented from returning. Fear cannot catch last train. With you early to-morrow. Will explain all to your satisfaction."

I need no explanation, I know it only too well. There is eager haste in my movements now as I return to the bedroom and swiftly put on a black dress and shawl and a small bonnet that does service on rainy days. In my pocket I hide a thick veil, and thus prepared walk quietly out of the hotel.

There is no friendly darkness to hide me; even when I arrive at London Bridge the sun is still lighting up the world that seems to me now so wicked, and for which I have lost all love. A hansom takes me to the gate of Austin Friars. I walk quickly along the quaintly winding court and into Charley's private office, where I find the housekeeper sweeping. We know one another of old. There have been amicable passages concerning a silk gown, a Christmas dinner, etc., and Mrs. Stelling receives me with pleasure, though she is a little startled at my unexpected appearance at first.

"And you are sure Mr. Charles left after all the clerks?" I repeat. Mrs. Stelling unfortunately always loses the thread of her remark and drifts vaguely. "And that was at six o'clock?" I ask, still divided between two routes in my mind.

"That I know for certain it were," says the old lady, "because my boy Jim, he fetched a cab to the gates. As Mr. Charles took his portmantle along with him, Jim offered to carry it, but the young master went off in an 'urry like, and then as I was standing and a looking, up comes Mrs. Bartholomow, and she says to me—says she—"

"Thank you, I also am in a hurry," I interrupt her.

"And you won't even have a cup of tea, ma'am? The kittle's on the bile I do assure you—" I don't even stay to listen to the good soul, but hurry back in a hansom to London Bridge. My mind is quite made up now as to the route to be taken. It is striking nine as I reach the outer gates of Mrs. Balfour's house. Twilight has mercifully come to screen me, and I walk quietly over the sward that borders the broad gravel drive. It is the first time I see her home, and I clench my fist and draw my breath chokingly as I look on the walls that holds my enemy. Friendly trees overshadow me, and I creep close to the long French windows that open to the ground. I am satisfied now, and fearless, for I see her. She is in a well-lighted room, and I out in the soft summer darkness. Our minds are as unlike as the atmosphere about us. Artificial light surrounds her, night is in my soul and hides me too. I watch her moving to and fro, arranging the train of her exquisite ball-dress, and then I see her pause before a lounging chair. I thought she was alone, but now she extends her hand, someone rises from that high-backed chair and bends over the arm to fasten a glove or a bracelet, and bends lower and leaves a kiss upon it. That someone is my husband!

I stand there for half an hour. The clock tells me that—to me the time was measureless, each minute adding to the heaping agony that is crushing my soul within me. I cannot hear their words, but I can see—I can watch her gliding to and fro, and see his admiring gaze following her every movement. I feel that to shoot her would be easy if a weapon were in my hand. Twice, thrice, I move towards the door thinking to knock fiercely, to shout, to cry help! to rouse the household and bid them witness her shame, and my bitter wrongs! I bite my lips through. The warm drops madden me with a horrible fierceness. Warm, living, blood that is flowing—but only mine—while she. . .

As the carriage drives in at one gate, I make my way out of the other, moving with cautious, silent swiftness, like the wild feline creature I feel myself to be. Silent, strong, treacherous! I hide again under the trees and watch. I see my husband hand Constance Balfour into the carriage and seat himself by her side. I hear her low mocking laugh, and I know I should and could strangle her were that long throat in my grasp!

When it is all over—when they have really driven away together—a terrible reaction comes over me. Faint with deadly sickness I lean against the stone wall, and dread—oh! how I dread—that I cannot drag my weary limbs farther. But much has to be done yet to night, by me, and no weakness shall conquer or prevent me. It must all be done before I really awake, as I repeat to myself again and again; I can do it to-night, but to-morrow I shall awake and the chance will be lost! So with an intense effort I conquer the physical weakness and make my way back to the station. My course is clear, my resolution taken, the old life and all my happiness are dead, dead, and can never revive. But I will leave all that can remind me of other times, and rather flee to the end of the world than live through more such agony as has frozen the heart in my bosom to-night.

When I enter the gate of my dear little home in Wimbledon it is nearly midnight. The startled servants stare at me as on one demented. I am past heeding appearances, and, refusing all offers of their services, go straight to my room.

"But you will let me make you a cup of good tea, ma'am, surely?" says kind old cook, dismay in her voice and face.

"Yes—you can do that, and bring it up in half an hour, that will give me time to undress." And then I lock my door and hasten to the wardrobe and fetch thence from an upper shelf a bundle of black cloths, which with trembling hands I unfold. It is the garb of a French *sœur de charité*, worn by a companion of mine in the old days at a small fancy dress ball. To transform myself into a nun is the work of ten minutes, and then, again with that newly-acquired cat-like movement, I glide downstairs, through the breakfast-room, unlatch the window, creeps stealthily down the stone steps into the garden, out of the small side gate into the deep, vague darkness of the night, and—away.

* * * * *

"Well, we've had a fine passage, Miss," says the steward cheerily, "and I hope you're feeling better now you're so near home." I say my thanks in broken English, and presently, clasping my rosary, step ashore. This—my home—as the man calls it, is Honfleur. I have come direct from Littlehampton; the route was of the most circuitous, and in every sense depressing, but it is the one that no one will ever imagine I have chosen. Even if the disguise of a sister of charity should be suspected, I have taken the precaution to bring away with me the clothes I had worn during that day of agony, and if—if Charley does take any trouble about finding me—he will seek me in that guise and no other. If he does not take any trouble? Will he? It can make no difference now. This step is irrevocable. I have broken the chain that bound him, that fettered him, and have given him the freedom for which he must have panted. What can life be to me without his love? Why live on him to feel myself a stumbling block and a reproach? Thus I argue with myself as I walk on to the quay and along the dirty old streets of the town. We have arrived at eight in the evening after a twelve hours' passage. I was the only woman on board, and this seemed satisfactory, for it is easier to deceive men than one of ourselves. I lay alone in such cabin as the boat afforded; those Littlehampton steamers do not carry many passengers. In all this sudden journey my former knowledge of the French coast and of French life helps me, and in the dress of a lay sister I walk on—how heavy-hearted on the light French soil! Since I left Brighton yesday—yesterday—oh! it seems months ago, no food has passed my lips. No wonder that I stagger as I walk up the steep hill that leads away from the town; no wonder that my head seems to swim as I pause before a high trellis work gate, and pull a bell that tinkles and echoes as only French bells can.

Pattering over the stone steps come the sabots of Marianne, who opens the door suspiciously and looks on the sister of mercy without much favor. I ask for Madame Lebrun, who I hear is "absent for the moment;" then I inquire for Mademoiselle Hortense, who is already peeping through the half-open door. I recognize the well known shiny black hair and the kind brown eyes, and hold out imploring hands. Then, remembering that a hood partly hides my face, I throw it back and cry, "Hortense, you have not forgotten me?"

"*Grand Dieu!* but it is Fay, *la petite Fay!*" and then her overwhelming astonishment conveys itself into a long amazed "Ah!" such as only a French woman, to the manner born, can articulate. With hurrying steps she runs towards the gate to meet me, and kisses me on both cheeks and draws me with her into the *salle a manger*. "*Mais, au nom du ciel!*" she cries, "tell me what all this means?"

I feel that the readiest way to escape questions, to which at this moment I feel myself quite unable to reply, is to tell her that I am faint with hunger. On this she at once sets about preparing the table for me, and speaks no further word. With the assistance of Marianne a little impromptu meal, such as only French people know how to prepare, is placed temptingly before me. Exhausted nature asserts her wants. I eat and feel that this restorative is what I needed most. There is nothing dramatic or sensational about me now, such as convulsed my quiet life some twenty-four hours ago. Then, the current of my being seemed suddenly to rush into tempestuous floods on which I was ruthlessly buoyed up and swept along. *Then* I thought never to eat or drink or sleep again; now, in this quiet, peaceful room, with the shaded lamp and the shining eyes of Hortense glimmering on me, with the inviting repast before me, I am reduced, thankfully enough, to the most ordinary level of nature by nature's wants. Some such quiet thoughts are in my mind, excluding those other maddening ones. Thankful for the momentary mental rest, I accept it, vaguely dreading the inevitable hour when those wild tormenting visions are sure to meet me face to face again. While Hortense is peeling and handing to me slices of pears, her mother enters. I know her well though she fails to recognize me at first. She looks as I have always seen her look, and even the details of her dress are unaltered. There are the same prim gray curls, the close-fitting black alpaca gown, the Maltese lace *fichu* tied over her head, on her hands slate-colored gloves, and hanging over the one arm a black velvet bag. Thus and thus only, had she appeared to me, and I knew well the hearty tones of the voice that would presently come to me in kindly greeting, as her lips lent themselves to something like a smile, the only way in which this strong self-contained woman ever betrayed any emotion. As for her healthy brown skin and the clear brown eyes, those had already re-presented themselves to me, when I first looked upon Hortense again.

"*Tiens!*" says Madame Lebrun, when she understands who this unexpected guest is; "*la voilà la petite Anglaise. Ah! mais qu'est-ce que cela veut dire, voyons.*" It seems impossible to put her quaintly-turned phrases into English, still this shall be done henceforth, though I feel how their piquancy is lost in translation. Hortense who has been studying my face for the last hour, interferes, and tries to save me from the recital of the troubles that must have set their cruel life upon me, unmistakably. I feel and appreciate the kind forethought, but I also know that I must speak now, and to the point. I announce this intention and when the maid has cleared the table, I seat myself on the floor at the feet of Madame Lebrun, who protests against the lowliness of my position. But here I can lean my face on her knee, and hide it, if need be.

"You remember the time I spent here with Hortense after she left Paris?" I say, realizing how I am asking my small audience to go back with me four years ago, into an almost forgotten period of my existence. "In those days you were both so good and kind to me, that will account for my coming to you now for help. I have been married three years, and we were—entirely happy. That is all over." Hortense attempts to speak. Her mother stops her with upraised hand. With an effort I say the next words—"My husband loves another woman, and for me there can never again be a home with him. I feel that I owe to you both some details of this great trouble that has come to me. Spare me to-night. It is all too new, too awful to me yet. In a day or two I shall be able to speak more quietly. This one thing I must impress upon you, at once. Nothing will induce me to let my husband know my whereabouts. I fled from home in the night, disguised. He has no means of tracing me, even should he wish to do so, which is not likely. I have some money with me, and some jewels——" as I speak I remember my plain gold ring, which last night I took from my finger for the first time since *he* placed it there. I have attached it to a ribbon, and it hangs around my neck. I fetch it forth from under the nun's dress, and cannot resist putting that golden symbol of my happy wifehood to my lips. On this some hidden chord is touched, and I break into irrepressible sobs. Hortense, poor girl, cries too, not well knowing why, and Madame insists on my being put to bed immediately, and brings me, with her own hands, some steaming "tisane," which can't fail to make me sleep tranquilly. To-morrow she will listen to anything I have to say, but for to-night—not another word am I to speak. "Just one," I plead, and, taking both her hands, look straight into her eyes. "Give me your word, Madame, that for the present you will keep my secret from every one."

"That is as though buried, until we have spoken further," she says.

"On no account must my step-mother know I am with you——"

"Trust to me, poor little one," she answers; "you know you can do so well. And now, for the love of God, I beg you to rest tranquil—to sleep."

No doubt these good people have prayed for my peace, certainly in one sense it has come to me, for I sleep heavily all the night through and far into the next day. The sun is quite high in the heavens, and shines a hot welcome into my quaint little room, with its snowy curtains and old-fashioned furniture and miniature wash-hand-stand. Hortense is sitting in the panelled embrasure of the window. To my hardly awakened consciousness she presents a charming picture; the bright worsted work that lies idly in her lap contrasting well with the dim tone of the surroundings. On her glossy hair and on that scarlet wool a gleam of sunshine rests. I whisper her name, and she runs towards me.

"At last awake, little *paresseuse!*" she cries, kissing me.

Hortense and I were very good friends at my step-mother's school in Paris, and when Madame Lebrun came to fetch her daughter away I accompanied both to Honfleur for a month. Hortense and I had practised much together then, and my present hopes and plans were connected with the old experience and facility that long musical teaching had familiarized me with. If these kind, simple people would allow me to live quietly with them, and help me to get a few pupils, I might be of use to Hortense, and at the same time gain enough to pay for the expense my stay in their house would necessitate. Later in the day, as Madame Lebrun sat by my bedside, I tried to explain all this to her. I felt bruised and stiff, my limbs ached, and to rise seemed painfully difficult. Therefore I yielded willingly enough to the kind command that was laid upon me, to remain "tranquil" in bed. And thus, thinking, talking and explaining all came easily. The story of my grief got itself told to sympathetic listeners. Hortense worked herself up into a state of ungovernable anger as she heard the miserable details. She would have flown at a rival on the seeing of that first fatal kiss, and had matters not been ended by that display of hostilities, would have broken into the window on the night of the ball and annihilated *ce diable de femme* with a spade, or a rake, or a knife. Some weapon surely would have been ready to her hand. Madame Lebrun bade her daughter hush, and evidently looked upon us both as naughty, unreasonable children. Her practical sense, her perfect acquaintance with that excellent outward decorum that is so far more rigidly kept in a French *menage* than we over the water have any idea of, precluded her from agreeing with, or understanding anything I had done. It was all impossible, ill-considered, rash to madness, and only one immediate step on my part could now in some sort remedy the egregious folly of my conduct.

"You must write, and at once," she urged, "a friendly letter to monsieur your husband. In it you will tell him that you are willing to return to his roof and his protection at once. Say that you regret having left it, and that it would be advisable for the future of both that you should live together hereafter under a certain definite arrangement. You must each keep to your own circle of friends, and meet only when the etiquette of society absolutely exacts such interviews. Thus scandal will be avoided, propriety in no sense be outraged, and your husband will be careful not to parade too publicly his *liaison* with Madame Balfour."

Thus argued Madame Lebrun, according to her notion of *les convenances*. And to none of these views could I in any sense agree. Days go by, and we each hold firmly to our own opinions on these miserable matters. Perhaps it is well for me that I am led on to fight with many words as to the wisdom of my cause and course, for this battling checks those darker and

more despairing thoughts that I am always striving to ignore; at the same time, each day strengthens my resolution to remain absolutely hidden—"for the present, at least."

"But by-and-by your wish may change, and it will be all too late," says Madame Lebrun. "He may have become accustomed to and like the liberty which at present must be a curse to him."

When she uses such arguments I feel the wisdom of them, and wince. But, at the same time, my plans remain unchanged. Of course she can never wholly sympathize with me, and yet if she once realizes that my resolves are unalterable I am sure she will give me all the help in her power.

"And you will not even permit me to write to Madame, your stepmother?" says my kind hostess, beginning to capitulate before the vexatiously obstinate woman she has found me to be by this time.

"Oh, no—no!" I cry, eagerly. "Madame Lebrun, if you did this I should have to run away from your kind care and beg my bread in the streets. That I would rather do than cause Madame Grancour further trouble. When she had given me my trousseau and her blessing, she told me, and I felt with reason, that she had now fulfilled her duties to me, scrupulously as though she were my own parent, and she had added a hope that she had now seen the last of me, and that I should cause her no further expense. All she spent I felt as a debt, and by degrees I have saved up my 'pin money' and repaid her. You must feel with me, that she would not sanction my staying a day under her roof without my husband's knowledge and consent."

"In that she would judge wisely enough," says Madame Lebrun; "and if only you, my child, would be a little reasonable—*mais enfin*——" she then remarks, in answer to the entreaty in my face. Then the broad shoulders are shrugged, and Hortense says,

"Maman, let there be at least an end to these discussions. Let her remain with us quite tranquil. She shall be made content, and you shall be maman to her too, but a real mother, not like that old Madame Grancour."

* * * * * *

So a new life begins for me. The old sweet happy days are over, clouded in the far past, left in darkest shadows. It is irrevocable—dead to me—and yet I am always looking, how sadly—back! Of him who made my whole happiness, who was "the very life of me," I know nothing. Does he believe me dead? Has he perhaps sought for me, wished again to be forgiven? Would he, after another reconciliation, have kept better faith with me? No. She has usurped my place: she holds the chains of his destiny too willingly and too securely to loose them, as yet. The time may come, and then? Ah! then, as now, it will all be—too late. Nothing can ever again unite us who have been parted, torn asunder, by our own acts, as we now are. Has he taken her into our home to reign in my stead? or have they gone far away over land and sea together? Has *her* husband found his home deserted, as mine has done? In such bitter musings time drags on heavily, wearily. Could I but know how things really are—*at home*. The more I ponder, the more convinced am I that Constance would never forego wealth and position for anything Charley Alleyne could offer her. It was never his love she wanted. His admiration, his slavish submission to her caprice, his rendering of tribute in the way of jewels and fans, opera-boxes, laces, flowers—these were the proofs of his admiration which she desired; and more than this—his love—she neither cared for, nor could value.

These anxious thoughts bring about, by constant iteration, a painful mental wear and tear, and so injure my health that Madame Lebrun gets uneasy on my account. Hitherto she has ignored the possibility of my employing myself, but she now feels with me that in active mental occupation lies my only chance of bodily recovery and renewed strength. When pensive autumn come and gives a lingering touch of kindly brightness to the summer foliage, I am pleasantly and regularly occupied. Madame Lebrun has introduced four pupils to me. Two of these are pleasant English girls, daughters of a clergyman who has for a time given up active duties and devotes himself to the children of the wife he had much loved and cherished and but lately—lost. His melancholy voice and grave manner are restful and sympathetic to me, and give me a feeling of peace when, tortured by doubts and regrets I come, as I have done two or three times, to him for counsel and help in the bearing of my weary burden. We have so talked together, but in no sense touched on personal matters. He knows, without words from me, that I am suffering from some cruel inward pain and trouble; he has his grief which is past mending in this world, and thus we are drawn together. At Christmas he is going away with his daughters to spend that season "at home." Sorrowfully I have given the girls their last lesson, and sorrowfully, very, I go to the door of Mr. Herbert's study to bid him a last good-bye. He speaks to me with his wonted sympathy, and then asks me as he is about to leave me in a foreign land, if some well-meant English advice may be of any use to me. "You may trust me—won't you tell me your trouble, Mrs. Alleyne?" he asks. And then impelled by a strong desire to hear his opinion of what I have done "for the best," I, trembling, and feeling for the first time the weakness of my confession, tell him all. He says no word of worldly wisdom or disapproval. He has nothing in common with etiquette, the *bienseances*, and the mundane aspect of deeds; but solemnly, and very impressively, he points out to me the error of my ways. He shows me clearly that I, who thought myself blameless and above reproach, have erred, aye sinned. "Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder!" That is the beginning and the end of his reproach. And there breaks upon me a new light in which the self-abnegation I had taken credit to myself for, bears the aspect of wicked pride, and I feel that I with angry fingers, have snatched at the wielding of destinies beyond mortal keeping.

"And you see no good in what I believed to be self-sacrifice?" I ask, despondently. "You think nothing of the fact of my giving up all that made life dear to me, for the sake of a woman who has ruined all my hopes, and who took a pleasure in so doing?"

"Ah, Mrs. Alleyne," says Mr. Herbert, compassionately, "who am I that I should judge another? I sympathize with you in one sense, for I feel that you know well the awful bitterness of the cup you are drinking. At the same time you must surely be aware that you yourself filled it to the brim with wilful self-made griefs. The sorrows that have followed on your acts are hard to bear, but they are the consequences of your own rash deed and your evident inability to bear with fortitude those other trials from which you chose to escape instead of enduring patiently. Had you so endured that end would have come, and been far less terrible than the remorse that must haunt you now. You have a certain feeling of martyr-like exultation, and look upon yourself as a victim—"

"Not now, not now, indeed," I cry, and my spirit quails before his penetrating gaze. "Already I have felt myself to have been wrong, all wrong; and I would beg of you to help me and to direct me. Tell me, what shall I do?"

"Your own good sense, or let me say, your heart, will tell you that. Bide your time now. Do nothing rashly. Don't act on impulse. Give one entire month to patient thought and reflection as to your past, and how you may attempt to remedy the future. When four weeks are over, you will have settled something in your own mind."

And then he says, "God bless you and help and comfort you," and bids me "farewell," and I go forth into the bitter cold and darkness of the late December afternoon; feeling how like my heart and spirit are to the chill misery about me.

My kind friend and patient hostess is alone. I go straight to her, and flinging myself on my knees, sob out to her the thoughts and doubts Mr. Herbert's words have aroused within me.

"He may have said much that is well and right, much also that is too cruel and harsh to my poor girl."

"No, indeed; he is most truly good and wise."

"Then—*enfin*—you will consent that I write to Madame Grancour, or to your—"

"No—no! my best friend. Have a little patience still. Not now, not yet. Such would be my impulse, but I will not; I must strive not to act rashly again. I will consider calmly and take just that month for reflection that Mr. Herbert has advised me. I dare no longer think or act without consideration, for the future of another life is bound up in mine, as you know well, and my present deed may throw light or darkness on the existence of something dearer than self to me now."

"Dear daughter; is it not pride that keeps you from speaking now that you feel your expectation gives you yet another claim on your husband's pitying love?"

"Oh, I trust not pride. Dear Madame, if you but knew how crushed, how humble I feel! To be passive now that I have begun to realize my own folly, is hardest of all, but it is salutary. You will bear with me just one other month, won't you?"

She is good and patient as ever, dear Madame Lebrun. She knows my "wrong-headedness" by this time, and has deplored my folly day after day, and yet she is full of tenderest affection and compassion, more than ever so in these last weeks! For to her I have told wherein consists the greatest anxiety and the one bright hope of my lone future.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SULTAN'S DAY'S WORK.

A salary of $10,000 a day will appear to those who have had but few wants a nice competency. That is the daily wages of the present Sultan of Turkey, and no sovereign alive earns his money harder. Out of that sum he has, moreover, to pay for his own board, fire and candles; his lodgings alone are free, so that, considering the footing on which his establishment is placed, he must be a man of order and economy to make both ends meet with so small an income at his command.

The 600 wives of Abdul Aziz have vanished, and Abdul Hamid finds it as much as he can do to meet the milliner's bills of a poor three dozen spouses. This scanty harem leaves him a good deal more time for devotions and State business. He leaves his apartment betimes and bathes in tepid water, after which he stretches himself full length upon a carpet and breathes a silent morning prayer. He then drinks a cup of chocolate and proceeds immediately after to the affairs of the State. Despatches are received and sent, reports examined and approved of, expenses consented to, decorations granted, ministers and ambassadors received, and that goes on for several hours.

Toward noon a second carpet is spread at the feet of the ruler of the faithful, whereon he prays again and then takes his second breakfast. After that he goes out for a ride or a drive, and when he returns he is at the disposal of his family and the inhabitants of the palace. He gives audience to his brothers and sister, listens to the report of the household officers, confers with the chief of the eunuchs on all sorts of delicate subjects and gives him his orders. The chief of the eunuchs ranks next after the Grand Vizier, and whenever a despatch containing good news from the seat of war comes in, it is he that is charged to read it to the ladies confided to his watchful care.

The chaplain of the palace also comes in the evening, and the Sultan prays, or reads some pious book with him. Three times in the week the Sultan takes lessons on the piano from a French teacher, M. Dutasp—that is, he listens to his teacher playing a few *morceaux*, but never plays a single scale himself. Later in the evening he despatches more State business, and then an hour before midnight, accompanied only by the chief of the eunuchs, he retires to the mysterious recesses of the harem, where it is forbidden us to follow him.

VALONOUS PRIESTS.—The popes, or priests, of the Greek Church to which the Montenegrins adhere, are fully as warlike as their parishoners. Half a dozen of them are prominent among the leaders in the Herzegovinian insurrection. They rejoice in the deeds which one might imagine that their religion would compel them to reprove. At night they gather around them the young and old men, and with musical voices, although to a monotonous chant, they recite the valorous deeds of their ancestors, and do not forget those which they have done themselves. They love to point to the trophies which they have taken from the dead bodies of their enemies, and to recount the slaughter necessary to secure them. At Tsettinje there is a priest who was a brave guerilla chieftain in one of the recent wars. Many a Turk has he sent into the other world, and he is very proud of it. On the breast of his black robe are sewn a dozen decorations that he has received for deeds of valor. Nothing is more common than to see a child of twelve or thirteen who has already been in a dozen battles, and who bears as many scars upon his body.

A NAUGHTY GIRL'S PRAYER.—A little four-year-old girl, being left under the charge of her Aunt Sarah, during the absence of papa and mamma in the West, was very naughty the other day, and was sent to bed. On saying her prayers, Aunt Sarah was edified by hearing—"Pray God, bless dear papa, dear mamma—and Aunt Sarah, if you have a mind to. But that don't matter much!" This is a perfectly true story.

FALLING LEAVES.

BY ALICE J. MCALILLY.

Why sigh when the leaves are falling,
And rustling beneath our feet,
When the soft winds sigh and moan farewell,
As the summer days slow retreat?

Why mourn when the garden of nature,
Is donning a gay-hued dress
Of gold, scarlet, orange and purple,
To heighten its sweet loveliness.

Why weep when the earth is so lovely,
When the days are so hazy and fair,
And the whispering of cornfield and forest,
Like music is filling the air?

Why cling to the sunshine of summer
Why hoard up the last gleams of light;
Why hold to life's pleasures so fondly,
And shrink from the shadows of night?

Ah! we sigh when the brown leaves are falling,
And mourn at sweet nature's array,
For we know when the earth is so lovely,
'Tis but the first flush of decay.

And we cling to life's pleasures and sunshine,
And linger o'er each fading beam;
Though we know there will be a to-morrow,
We know not on whom it may gleam.

Ah! we sigh when the leaves are falling,
And weep at sweet nature's decay.
We shrink from all shadows and sorrows,
And cling to the sunshine of day.

How I Was Deceived.

It was just eleven o'clock, and I was standing at the foot of the stairs, with my night-lamp in my hand, giving some final directions about the breakfast to my servant, Rosy, who was slowly ascending on her way to bed, when a carriage thundered to the door, and was immediately followed by a peal at the bell.

Rosy set her lamp on the stairs and came down again, curious as well as astonished at the late summons.

"Is this Mrs. Darley's?" a musical female voice asked in quick accents, as the door was opened; and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, the owner stepped into the hall and addressed herself to me.

"Mrs. Darley, I presume?"

She bowed as with a graceful gesture she swept further back a heavy black crape veil that partially shrouded her tall, queenly form.

"I am Miss Fahntassle," she continued, after my affirmative reply. "On my way to this place I noticed your advertisement in a morning paper, and knowing the locality to be good I drove immediately here from the station. You have a pleasant room, I presume?"

"Yes, very pleasant; a second story front room, opening on a large balcony by a bay window. But—"

I never finished that sentence. I was about to add that it was contrary to my custom to receive total strangers. But Miss Fahntassle looked at me, and the exclamation died on my lips. How did she look? To save my life I could not say, but, nevertheless, it was a look that ruled me."

So Miss Fahntassle slept in my best room that night, and sat down to my breakfast table in the morning. At the latter she proved herself not only a woman of remarkable grace and beauty, but great intellectual culture; and within twenty minutes she had completely charmed every one at the table.

In the midst of this pleasant state of affairs Rosy whispered in my ear that a gentleman wished to see me without delay. I excused myself and went at once to the parlor.

Immediately on my appearance the gentleman said, in quick, excited tones—

"I beg your pardon, madam, but allow me to inquire whether you have received any strange boarders within the last twelve hours? I am a detective."

"A detective!" I echoed, aghast, adding hastily, "I have no one under my roof to whom you could lay claim. I certainly did receive a strange lady last night, but she is highly cultivated, and——"

"Beg your pardon," he interrupted, hastily, "what's the lady's appearance? Is she tall?"

"Yes, she is tall, and her appearance highly prepossessing."

"What was the color of her dress? But, confound it, there's no use asking that; she's as many dresses and as many wigs and complexions as an actress."

And the detective wiped the perspiration from his frowning brow in annoyed perplexity.

"I must see this lady," he said, firmly. "I may be on the wrong track, but an apology will cover all that."

"Certainly," I replied; "and in order to avoid anything like a scene I will at once tell her a gentleman wishes to see her. But what is the lady's offense? supposing this to be the one you desire to secure, which I do not for one moment believe."

"Robbery of her husband and reckless squandering of his property. She's a regular adventuress, and he wants her."

"Oh, then, this lady is not the one you are in search of. Her name is Miss Fahntassle."

The detective laughed.

"She has scores of names, madam."

Notwithstanding this piece of information I returned to the breakfast room and whispered in Miss Fahntassle's ear quite unconcerned as to results. Two vivid crimson spots glowed at once on her cheeks, but aside from that she displayed no emotion.

"You must excuse my accompanying you," I said, as we entered the hall together. "I promised the gentleman I would do so, and also remain during your interview."

She thanked me as if I were conferring a favor upon her, and we entered the parlor together. The detective stood with his eyes fixed upon the door.

"Hah!" he exclaimed, laying his hand on Miss Fahntassle's arm. "So we have met again, Mrs. Barbarliere. You shall not escape me this time. You will therefore send for your hat and accompany me at once."

Miss Fahntassle stood quite composed, the crimson spots a little deeper, perhaps, but that was all. Looking down at her full morning *negligé*, she said, in her rich voice—

"Of course, you do not propose to take me into the street in such guise as this?"

"Oh, it can't be possible!" I cried. "You must be mistaken, sir!"

"Unfortunately I am not," replied the officer.

"Oh, no; he is not mistaken, Mrs. Darley," she coolly remarked. "But you know I can't go in the street in this," pointing to her dress.

"She is correct," I said to the detective. "You must allow her to put on a walking dress. I will attend her to her room, and remain with her till she is ready to return to you."

The detective yielded a reluctant consent, and I attended her to her room. I locked the door, took the key out, and then turned my back to her while she disrobed.

I once made some comment calculated to draw her out, but she only said, quietly, "It's life, Mrs. Darley. It's the way the world goes."

After she had resumed the dress worn the previous night she packed the hand-satchel, which comprised her baggage. But as she was about to place her bonnet on her head she sank into an easy chair, her face convulsed with pain, and her body bent nearly double.

"What—what is the matter?" I cried in alarm, fearing she had taken poison.

"Cramp!" she gasped. "Cramp: I am subject to it. I shall die! I shall die!"

"Oh, tell me what I can do?" I cried, my heart torn at the sight of her agony.

"Hot whisky and flannels," she gasped.

I started up, and then, remembering my office, cried, frantically, "But how shall I leave you, after my promise?"

"Oh, madam," she wailed, rather than said, "do you think I could escape in such anguish as this? But, to ensure my safety, lock the door."

"So I can!" I cried, and in a minute's time I was on my way to the kitchen.

I hurried, feeling that life and death were at stake, but the water would not boil. At last all was ready, and I hurried up to my patient. I unlocked the door and turned the knob. I dropped my load—the door was bolted! Fearing everything I called gently, and then ran frantically down to the detective.

He heard my story, and dashed angrily up stairs. One blow of his shoulder and the door flew open. One glance told the story. A heavy rope was fastened to the bedstead, and it dangled outside the bay window.

With an expletive more forcible than polite the detective leaned out of the window and looked into the garden. Then turning to me, he said—

"How was she dressed? You said she was ready."

"In a suit of deep mourning," I answered.

He waited to hear no more but dashed down stairs again, and presently the front door banged heavily after him. But if he depended on her mourning suit he never found her, for that same afternoon I found it thrust into a dark corner of the closet—hat and all were there. About fifteen months later I received the following missive—

"MRS. DARLEY:

"DEAR MADAM,—In view of the little trick I played upon you I feel that I owe you something. You will, therefore, please accept the enclosed five pounds, with my best wishes.

"My husband did me the kindness to make me a widow quite unexpectedly to us both, and this being the case I received my thirds, and am quite a wealthy woman.

"I sustained no damage under your bay window, but made my way to the street as a red-headed, freckle-faced servant girl; and, better than that, I met our mutual friend, and drawled a good deal of false intelligence into his attentive ear concerning a certain lady in mourning of whom he told me he was in request. I enjoyed that. Ah, me! I sigh whenever I remember I'm a woman. Nature meant me for a man. Respectfully,

"MISS FAHNTASSLE."

Sent Back Home.

"Eh?" said Dr. Dotterel. "The stage stopping here? And a lady getting out with a traveling-bag and a bandbox? Now, I wonder who can possibly be coming to see me?"

Elderly bachelors, as a general thing, are not partial to unexpected company, and Dr. Dotterel was, perhaps, less socially inclined than most of his class.

With old Ruth to cook his meals and superintend his household, the newspaper to dream over in his few leisure hours, and a collection of rare and curious shells to label and classify within the shelves of an ancient walnut-wood cabinet, Dr. Dotterel asked no odds of mankind, or of woman, either.

"Bless me!" said old Ruth, hobbling to the window. "Who can it be?"

"Hold on!" said Dr. Dotterel, pushing his spectacles upon his forehead. "It's Magdalen!"

"Not our Miss Maggie!" squeaked Ruth.

"Old goose," said Dr. Dotterel, in accents of good-humored reproof, "will you never learn to call your young lady by her married name? No, it is not Miss Maggie; it's Mrs. Field!"

And both the doctor and his female factotum hurried to the door to greet the niece and adopted child of the former, who had been married that day six months ago.

Maggie Dotterel had been a blue-eyed, sunny-haired little damsel, with long, curled eyelashes, cherry-red lips, and a nose slightly turned upward at the end.

Mrs. Marcus Field was paler and less vivacious, and she wore a troubled look in the azure depths of her big eyes.

"Uncle," said Maggie, dropping down in the depths of the easy chair as if there were no elasticity left in her, "I've come back."

"Happy to see you, I'm sure," said Dr. Dotterel. "And when is Marcus coming?"

"He isn't coming at all?" sobbed out Maggie. "I—I've left him; I've come back to you."

"Left him—eh?" said Dr. Dotterel. "Ruth, brew us another jorum of tea. Left him! And what for, I should like to know?"

"He—he's getting dreadfully dissipated," whimpered poor Maggie, feeling the want of sympathy in Dr. Dotterel's hard, incisive tones. "He's out late at nights—and he's got a lot of gay companions leading him into all sorts of society. He's cruel to me, and——"

"Cruel, eh!" said the doctor. "Does he beat you?"

"No, uncle. The idea!" flashed out Mrs. Field.

"Does he starve you?"

"Of course not"—Maggie drew herself up.

"Has he ever refused to maintain you decently."

"No, uncle."

"Oh," said Dr. Dotterel, "he must be a brute!"

"But, uncle, there are other things—"

"In my young days," remarked the old doctor, "there used to be a clause in the marriage service that read—'For better, for worse!'"

"Uncle," wailed Maggie, clasping her little kid-gloved hands together after a piteous fashion, "are you, too, going to turn coldly away from me?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Dr. Dotterel. "I'm going to give you a good supper as soon as Ruth has got it ready, and let you sleep in your old room to-night. But in the morning you must go back again."

"Back to Marcus, uncle?"

"'Back to Marcus,' niece."

"Uncle," cried the bride, with energy, "I'll go out scrubbing by the day first!"

"Go out scrubbing, then, if you prefer it," retorted Dr. Dotterel, dryly; "but I certainly shall not countenance this separation and divorce business. Once a wife, always a wife; that's my doctrine. There comes your tea; drink it."

Maggie Field felt as if the steaming and fragrant beverage would choke her as she swallowed it.

She had been so sure of sympathy and harborage from her uncle, and now he was about to deliver her up once more into the hands of the enemy.

"Uncle," she asked, "can't I stay with you?"

"No," answered Dr. Dotterel, firmly, "you can't. Your place is with your husband now."

So Mrs. Marcus Field returned to London early the next day, feeling not half so much like a heroine as she had done the day before, and mentally condemning Uncle Dotterel as a hard-hearted old ogre.

There was one comfort, however. Marcus would never know of her discomfiture.

Marcus had gone on a business journey two or three days before, and would not return until that evening.

So Mrs. Field went languidly about her household duties—they lived in a cozy little house, overlooking a pretty park where the horse-chestnut trees were just studding their boughs with chandeliers of snowy bloom—thinking, the while, of how she could best compass her own freedom, now that Dotterel refused to receive her back into her girlhood's home.

"I might teach," said she to herself, "only I should have to polish up my old accomplishments a little. Or I might get a place in a millinery store. I used to be a good hand at trimming hats and making caps, or——"

She stopped short here.

In examining the drawer of a table she had come to an old letter—a letter written to her by her husband before they were married.

"In the days when I was neither more nor less than an angel," said Mrs. Field, with a scornful laugh. "Things are quite different now."

But she opened it, nevertheless, and sat down to read it over with a curious medley of feelings at her heart.

"He loved me then," she told herself; "oh, he did love me! And why is it so different now? Has he changed? Or have I?"

And Maggie put up her hand too late to wipe away the tear that hung on her eyelash; it splashed down upon the written words, a great, glittering drop.

Suddenly a caressing arm stole around her neck, and a pair of masculine whiskers rubbed against her cheek.

"Why, Peg, little Peg, what's the matter?" questioned Marcus Field. "Crying, all alone by yourself, with your bib apron on, like Cinderella in the story book?"

Maggie looked piteously up into her husband's face.

"Marcus," said she, "what's the reason you don't love me now?"

"What's the reason I don't love you now?" he repeated, struck with amazement. "But I do love you."

Maggie's only reply was a burst of tears.

Marcus Field sat down beside his young wife and drew her tenderly to him.

"Maggie," said he, "we've been all astray of late, I don't know how, nor why, except—except that I may be to blame, without meaning it. Let's begin again. I can see now how I have been thoughtless of your happiness, too much absorbed in my own pursuits. It shall not happen again. What do you say, little wife? Shall we begin anew?"

"Oh, Marcus," she faltered; "so gladly—so willingly. But—but you don't know all!"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I thought you had ceased to care for me," said Maggie, hanging down her head, and nervously playing with the buttons of her husband's coat. "I was in a sort of despair—and so I ran away."

"Ran where? and when?" demanded Marcus Field, more and more puzzled.

"Yesterday," admitted Maggie, with the scarlet blood rising to the roots of her hair. "To Uncle Dotterel's, and he sent me back."

"Sensible Uncle Dotterel," said Mr. Field. "But you won't run away again, Maggie?"

"Never," said Maggie. "Oh, Marcus, I am so glad I got back here before your return. If you had returned home and found me gone——"

Marcus Field's brow darkened.

"I don't know what I should have done," said he. "I think it would have been a turning-point in my life, whether for good or evil I dare not say."

Maggie drew a long breath of relief and thankfulness.

"I have been very silly, Marcus," said she. "But it is for the last time."

Dotterel spent his next Christmas Day with his niece and her husband, and a happier little family circle it would be difficult to discover.

"Here's to the health of all married lovers," said Dotterel, filling his glass with wine when the dessert came on. "And I suppose my niece, Magdalen, will never leave her husband again."

"Never!" cried Maggie, with a loving glance at Marcus Field's face.

FORTUNE-TELLING BY CARDS.—There is not the slightest doubt that fortune-telling was practiced at a very early period in the history of cards, since an old painting in the museum at Nantes represents Philippe Le Bon, who was afterwards King of Spain, in the act of consulting a fortune-teller. The date of this picture cannot be later than the fifteenth century. It is not exactly known when the art of fortune telling by cards was introduced into England, but the earliest work on it was printed at Venice in the year 1540. There is a tale told of the Earl of Essex's secretary, Cuffe, who was hanged at Tyburn. He consulted a soothsayer twenty years before his death, and was desired to draw three cards out of the pack. He drew three knaves, and laid them on the table; the wizard next ordered him to take up the cards again, singly; he did so, and on the first he saw his own portrait surrounded by men with pikes and halberds; on the second he saw a judge, and on the third he saw the place of execution and a hangman. Cuffe laughed well at the time, and soon forgot all about it, but several years afterwards (shortly before his execution), he remembered the prediction. Card-playing is always in vogue. It was one time a general Christmas custom, and in the reign of Henry VII. there was a statute made to forbid card-playing at all other times except the Christmas holidays. This prohibition, however, only extended to people in a humble rank of life.

A CHINESE LEGEND:—A Chinese legend says that the feet of every pair to be united in wedlock are from infancy tied together with an invisible thread of red silk.

News of Interest

—Russia has 12,000 miles of railway, nearly all built since 1868.

—The future Mayors of Oil City, Pa. will receive $600 per annum.

—Our troops were supplied with $177,444.74 worth of tobacco last year.

—W. J. Harley, recently wounded in a duel at Savannah, Ga., died on Monday.

—Five thousand six hundred and seventeen males suicided in France during 1877.

—Mr. and Mrs. Grantville, of North Carolina, have a family of twenty-five sons.

—The Edinburg, Clarion county, Pa., race course has been sold by the sheriff for $1,685.

—Garibaldi has written to King Humbert begging him to follow in his father's footsteps.

—It is expected the Moffat whisky bell punch will realize $80,000 a year in Richmond, Va.

—New York has about 350 match girls, 700 bootblacks, 100 sweepers and 250 flower girls.

—Such is the hydrophobia scare in London that the police are capturing dogs at the rate of two hundred a day.

—The Russian government has ordered 42 additional torpedo boats at Stettin, to be completed by the middle of April.

—Professor Bell and Professor W. H. Reynolds exhibited the telephone on Monday to Queen Victoria at Osborne.

—The Spanish Congress, by a vote of 309 to 4, has approved King Alfonso's marriage with the Princess Mercedes.

—The tug Anglia, towing Cleopatra, (the caisson containing the Cleopatra obelisk), left Ferrol, Spain, on Monday.

—Mr. Samuel Bowles, the editor of the Springfield, (Mass.,) *Republican*, is growing weaker, and there is no hope of his recovery.

—Francis Murphy the temperance reformer, began his labors at Springfield on Sunday. An audience of from 3,000 to 5,000 signed the pledge.

—It is a remarkable coincidence that the decades of 1798, 1808, 1818, 1828, 1838, 1848, 1858, 1868 and 1878, should be productive of mild winters.

—Thomas Paine's 141st birthday will be celebrated by the Free Thinkers of the western part of Pennsylvania, at Lonesville on the 27th, 28th and 29th inst.

—Experiments are being carried on in Prussia, by order of the German military authorities, to determine how far it may be practicable to employ the telephone for military purposes.

—There have been since January 1, 1876, seventy-three applications by all kinds of insurance companies to do business in Kentucky, and of these only twenty-seven were admitted.

—In a trial for arson, at Montreal, Monday, the jury failing to agree, was discharged. Seven French Canadian Catholics were for conviction, and five English Protestants for acquittal.

—Mr. George H. Boker, United States Minister at St. Petersburg, Russia, handed the Emperor his letter of recall Monday and Mr. E. W. Stoughton who succeeds Mr. Boker, presented his credentials.

—Rev. Frederick Frothingham, of the First Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, recently delivered a striking sermon in opposition to the Bland Silver bill from the text "Pictures of Silver," Proverbs, xxv; 2.

—Sergeant Charles McCarthy, one of the recently released Fenian prisoners, in England, who, with his companions, reached Dublin on Saturday, died suddenly on Monday. Corporal Chambers, another of the released prisoners, is very ill.

—The Washington *Post* says that the venerable General James Shields, of Missouri is very poor—that any other nation would delight to have such a citizen, but here, after fifty-six years of varied service, he is actually in want, at times, of the ordinary necessities of life.

—A correspondent of a Virginia paper credits General Lee with saying, not long before his death: "If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg I should have won that battle, and if I had won a great victory there I should have established the independence of the South."

—Miss Tabitha Anne Holton, of Jamestown, has been admitted to the bar of North Carolina. She is the first woman lawyer of the State, the daughter of a clergyman, aged about twenty-two, petite in figure, with dark hair and eyes, a pleasant countenance, and modest and unassuming manners.

—At the Presidential reception in Washington, Monday night, a feature that attracted attention was the large attendance of Southern citizens, who were invariably introduced as "of Virginia," "of Alabama," "Georgia," etc. This is the first time such general social calls have been made by the Southern people since the beginning of the war.

—Sitting Bull and his band are still at their old quarters near Fort Walsh, British America. He has not crossed the line and appears to have no desire to do so. The fugitive Nez Perces are still with him. Sixty lodges of Sioux recently crossed the line from the American side and reported that a majority of them intend crossing to British soil.

—Information has recently come to light of a most interesting autograph—it is probably out of existence now, or it would be worth a fabulous sum—belonging to the late Emperor Napoleon III, and most deeply concerning England. It was a letter from Nana Sahib to the Emperor, offering to make him master of India if he would declare war upon England. The letter was kept at the Tuilleries as a curiosity, and was doubtless destroyed by the Commune. The fact is a good lesson for panic-mongers, for at the very time that Napoleon was tempted to make war upon England she was in sore distress, he answered the tempter by allowing British troops a free passage through France on their way to India.

Youth and Beauty.

Is the envy of every lady, and delight of gentlemen. Ladies who are not blessed by nature can very much improve their beauty by using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove all blemishes from the skin, leaving it perfectly beautiful. Sold at all druggists in the United States.

ROSES.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

I walked through a garden of roses,
Through a garden whose perfume was June—
Whose perfume was dulcet with June,
Where the lips of the bud sweetly closes,
'Fore the touch of the ravishing moon!

The sky seemed ever to clear it,
O'er that garden of flower, and moon—
O'er the roses sweet blush at the moon,
And I feasted on honey my spirit,
And thought then the year was named June!

'Twas there that the wonderful essence,
Of all which enblossoms life's day—
Of all which enswectens life's day,
Unfolded the rapturous presence,
Of my lovely young loving Jeannet!

The superlative air of that garden,
Was heavy, and soft with her sigh—
Was sweet with her eyes, and her sigh—
Was dear with the life of the maiden—
And dear with her smile, and her eye!

My love was as fair as the roses,
Her eyes dreamed full of the moon—
To thrill all my soul with their moon;
As the bud to the dreamy orb closes,
So closed her curled lips to my own!

But now the red roses are lifeless,
And all the wide world is a thorn—
A cruel, sharp, terrible thorn,
And my soul, in its sorrow and weakness,
Soars wearily up to the moon!

I walk through the garden of roses,
But 'tis not the garden of June—
There now is no perfume of June,
For Love's bitter Winter exposes,
The heart of my idol's but stone!

Eccentricities of Louis Philippe.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY GEORGE D. COX.

The King Louis Philippe was perhaps of all his race the one who showed the greatest liking for the tomato, which, in his estimation, ranked next to the pork pudding.

In summer, at the breaking up of the council, after having listened for four long hours to M. Thiers, without frowning, he ordinarily made his lunch off a great bit of pudding, half an ell long, cooked upon a gridiron, and some slices of raw tomatoes covered with a light sprinkling of fine salt.

During the emigration, whilst under an alias he taught geography to the young Swiss, he used often to gather tomatoes himself in the fields, and after having filled all his pockets with them, he not unfrequently munched them greedily during school hours.

When he wished to make for his young auditory that grand experiment which consists in showing, by means of an apple turning upon itself, the rotatory motion of the earth and the continual succession of day and night, he had generally in a corner a monstrous tomato nearly spherical, which ordinarily served the purpose of the demonstration.

A Genevan writer who had the honor to receive his lessons, M. Halkner, has given the above details in a book which appeared in 1849, called "Eccentric People of Quality."

We find there also, on the same subject, the following anecdote which would seem incredible were it not reported by an eye witness.

One day when he had believed it his duty to expel from his school a pupil who for a long time had been noted for incurable idleness and recklessness, the mother of the expelled came to solicit his grace; but her supplications could not shake the inflexibility of the prince-schoolmaster.

He protested against the child's scandalous want of discipline, and declared that he would not take him back either for gold or silver.

It was the fruit season.

In showing the poor woman out, the Duke of Orleans perceived, in a corner of the species of antechamber which opened into the school room, an enormous basket filled with red, sun-ripened tomatoes which his visitor had left there on entering to take up on leaving, and carry to market.

The schoolmaster ran straight to the objects of his gormandizing love.

"What means this?" cried he. "Tomatoes here!"

The peasant woman instantly bethought herself of the weakness of the prince, well-known throughout the country, and she hastened to offer them to him.

The stern pedagogue softened down at once, accepted the basket of tomatoes, and took back the little scholar.

After 1830, one morning in the month of July, a man clad in a strange costume and bearing under his arm a little box for which he seemed to have the greatest solicitude, presented himself at the Chateau Neuilly, as the king was going out to walk in the park.

As soon as he perceived the king he recognized him and went straight up to him, in spite of the guards and footmen who sought to stop him.

"What do you want?" said the king to him with his accustomed good nature and English phlegm.

"Pardon, Monsieur," replied the stranger, in an engaging manner; "I have travelled three hundred leagues to come to Paris from my country, and I see that you do not remember me!"

"It is doubtless a long time since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, my good fellow!"

"True," returned the Swiss; "it is twenty-seven years Saint Philippe's day. It was at ——."

"Wait a moment—I have it—you are the son——"

"Of the good tomato woman!" interrupted the simple peasant, his eyes sparkling.

And showing the little box which he had continued to hold under his arm until now, he said:

"When about starting, my aged mother, who is yet living, said to me that perhaps it might be agreeable to you notwithstanding your changed position to receive some of your favorite fruit. Behold some!"

And thus speaking he handed his present to the king, who received it with a burst of laughter at so much simplicity.

Then, to the great astonishment of the porter and the rest of the servants, His Majesty conducted his former pupil to the queen, to Mme. Adelaide, to the young princes and princesses. He was dished up even in a Latin theme which M. Cuvillier Fleury dictated as an exercise to the little Duke d'Aumale.

He was admitted to the honor of breakfasting with the royal family, and the queen requested that he should sit at her right hand.

At dessert, Louis Philippe asked his visitor what he was going to do in Paris.

"I shall seek employment in some watchmaking establishment," said he.

"What if I keep you with me?" asked the king.

"All the same," responded the guest, without lifting his eyes; "but I only know how to make watch hands!"

The next day the Swiss assumed the livery and entered the service of the king's household, which he was the last to quit on the morning of February 24th. He afterwards followed his master into exile.

His taste for the pear did not come to the Duke of Orleans until much later, when he was ridiculing the government of his cousins Louis XVIII and Charles X. But when he mounted the throne this taste had already made wonderful progress. The public soon discovered this peculiarity, and caricatures got about in which the head of the king had a vague resemblance to a gigantic pear!

It is from this time that the Argot expression, "To make his pear," that is to execute something delicate or difficult, dates.

The king remained faithful to his love for the tomato and pear up to the end of his days.

His descendants have added the melon to these two gastronomic fillings of the family, for whilst living the king had but a moderate liking for this sweet-scented calabash.

A Pinch of Attic Salt.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

Most people would as soon think it probable that dancing hornpipes was the main diversion of bishops, as to associate levity or jocoseness with the ancient Greeks. As they appear to us in the majority of histories they seem to have been a race of grave, dignified and thoughtful men, to whom a joke were an admonition, and whose every utterance was endued with the subtlest wisdom. Socrates, Solon, the seven wise men, the great philosophers, poets, mathematicians, warriors and lawyers, so crowd the chronicles of their day, that the merry laughter of the wit or humorist is seldom heard. Yet the comic phase of human nature had perhaps its best and purest development among this people. Specimens of what they could do in the more diluted form of stage comedy has been handed down to us in the works of Aristophanes and others, but remains of the retort courteous, repartee, "bull," "cut direct," "epigram," bon mot, and similar bubbles of the lively fancy, are comparatively few.

Appended are translations of some of the "jests of Hierocles," a teacher of philosophy who lived in Alexandria, Egypt, during the fifth century of our era. He is not generally regarded as their author, but rather as a collector who gathered them from the works of the past and compiled them, as Pisastratus did the poems of Homer.

In these specimens some witticisms will be recognized which are attributed to the great wits of modern times. Besides this, almost every language of the present day has incorporated some of them in its stock of common witty sayings as native to their own soil. It is therefore both a just and a pleasant task to give the credit of their paternity where it belongs:

A youth entirely ignorant of swimming went into the water over his head, and was nearly drowned. After he was rescued, however, and partially revived, he swore by all the gods he would never touch water again till he first learned how to swim.

An Athenian, meeting a friend, told him he had dreamed of meeting and speaking to him. "Then I must beg your pardon," replied the other; "for not answering you, but I don't recollect the occurrence."

A citizen went to visit a sick friend, but the latter was so ill he could not answer the other's inquiries about how he felt. The visitor thereupon became very angry, and exclaimed: "I hope that when I am sick and you come to visit me that I won't be able to talk to you."

The same party afterwards coming in contact with a physician earnestly begged his pardon because he had not needed his services for such a long time.

An economical man in order to save, tried to teach his horse to live without eating. Of course the animal slowly pined away, and at last died of starvation. "Was there ever such a provoking beast?" cried the experimentalist in a rage; "for just when I had taught him to do without food he has to die!"

A certain individual bought a house, and then carried a big stone around among his friends to show what the house looked like.

He was devoted to philosophy, and in order to see the expression of the human face while asleep, he put a mirror before him and then closed his eyes.

A scholar seeing a doctor walking towards him hid behind a wall till he had passed. Some one asking him the cause of this he answered: "My health is so good that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

The master had bought a choice cask of wine and securely sealed it. A tippling servant, however, bored a little hole in the lower head and thus quenched his thirst. Afterwards when the owner opened it and found half the liquor gone he was much confounded, as the seal was unbroken. His wife suggested it might have been tapped from the bottom. "Fool, how can that be?" he retorted; "anyone can see the bottom wine is all right, it's the top of it that's gone."

A husbandman saw a rare bird alight upon one of his trees, and he crept slowly up to shake the tree suddenly, and tumble the bird into his hand, that he might secure it.

A student met an acquaintance. "Why I heard you were dead?" said he. "Well, you now see it's not so," was the reply. "I don't know about that," he rejoined; "I'd much rather believe the man who told me than you."

In going over an estate he was about to buy, with the owner, they came upon a very deep well. The would-be purchaser asked, "Is the water good?" "Good? I should think so!" replied the owner; "all my ancestors drank out of it." "They did," was the astonished answer; "good heavens, what long necks they must have had to do it."

A learned naturalist hearing that the crow lived over two hundred years, bought one to keep and prove whether the statement was true or not.

The vessel was in the middle of the sea, when a storm struck her. Everybody seized some article on which they might float to shore, and a philosopher, following their example, pounced on the iron anchor.

One of twins died. A relative afterwards meeting the survivor, inquired: "Will you please tell me whether it is you or your brother that is dead."

A trader was travelling with his slaves and the vessel they were in was in imminent danger of shipwreck. The trader, thinking that escape for any was impossible, called for writing materials that he might make his will. These were brought him, and then seeing the slaves, who were in the greatest terror over the ship's condition, crying around him, he shouted half scornfully: "What are you complaining about; ain't I going to make everyone of you free?"

Wishing to cross the river a traveller came on the ferry-ship riding a fast horse. A fellow passenger asked why he did it. "Why do I do it? Why to hurry over the faster, of course!"

A poor father bought his son some books and told him to study them well, as thereafter they would have to support him. Soon after, wanting money, the youth sold them and then wrote to his parent: "Father, congratulate me. Your desire is accomplished. I am now actually living off my books, as you wished."

A warrior setting out for war told his father he would bring him home the head of one of his enemies. "To the dogs with your head," was the reply. "I don't want your head. Only let me see you return safe and sound, and I don't care whether you have a head or not."

A man living in the country wrote to a friend residing at Athens, asking him to bring him a certain book. The latter neglected the request, however, and some time after, wishing to secure the other's influence in some matter, he wrote him saying: "The letter in which you asked me to get that book, I did not receive.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NABOB, from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by Lucy H. Hooper, reaches us in the advance sheets, from the publishers, Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston. The success of this romance in Paris is something phenomenal. It has already attained there seventeen editions! Its success is due to the wide-spread celebrity of Daudet as the author of *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aine*, in which he depicts, with powerful and painful truth, that French siren Sidonie—the destroyer of young and old. But apart from the fact that the latter fiction was a complete success in every respect, this last novel of Daudet's has enchained the attention of the Parisian public, inasmuch as it has hit at several notables of that city, and has thrown a lurid light upon certain dark doings in high places, which has opened the French eyes with more than wonder—for the revelations of such an author as Daudet are to be feared. The story, from beginning to end, is powerful. It is a fine tragedy. It is a photograph from life of a flesh and blood career. The author follows out just such a vein, which his master Balzac would have revelled in, and depicts, with rare force, the history of Jansoulet, the Nabob, the Levantine—the French African, who had a royal fortune at his disposal, and how he fell among thieves, and became a prey to an evil destiny. If it is less interesting than Sidonie, it is only because it has more political significance, and touches at men and matters which are best understood in the French capital; yet it is a wonderful work—and in this translation we have all the spirit of the original, and, looking upon it as a mere work of art, it is to be considered Daudet's masterpiece. The calm simplicity and strength of the style, the effective situations, the character drawing, the denouement, all display the highest art, and mark the writer as a literary artist of the first order.

Daudet writes with more of the momentum than the velocity of force, and his immense power is not derived from the usual dashy style of the French writer. Sketchy he is but always profoundly suggestive. The rascally quack, Dr. Robert Jenkins, who is the evil genius of the story, is a remarkably original creation; yet more could have been made of him. He is hardly more than a splendid conception and suggestion of a character. The hero, who is in more senses than one both hero and martyr, Francois Jansoulet, is a very brilliantly drawn character, and the only trouble is, the reader sees so little of him. The story is one which we can understand took immensely in France, because there such a monstrous fraud as the Territorial Fund—a joint stock company for the development of Corsica—is a monstrosity—but with us here in America, unfortunately it is an every-day affair, and we only laugh at such speculative ventures. However, Jansoulet, with his immense fortune, was made a victim of this bogus affair, and not only of that, but of a certain pious fraud, called the Bethlehem Asylum, and, to use the author's words, was "sucked dry." "The Territorial Fund, a marvellous indefatigable sucker, with a triple and quadruple set of pumps of several thousand horse power, and the Schwalback pump, and the Bois Raman pump, and how many others; some immense, noisy with shameless pistons; others quiet—discreet with minute valves—all carefully oiled; miniature pumps that deposit venom at the point from which they extract sustenance, but all working together, and fatally destined to bring about, if not a complete dryness, at least a serious lowering of the level." And they sucked poor Jansoulet dry.

There is a deal of humor in the book. The memoirs of an office-clerk—Passajon, are very laughable. The description of the Joyeuse family is full of quiet humor. But the gloom of the work is most profound. It is painful, realistic, at times thrilling, and yet powerfully drawn by a master hand. The author meant us to have a wide and deep sympathy with Jansoulet, and he has worked artistically to produce the effect. Of the purely dramatic there is very little, if we except the destruction of the letters in chapter IV, part II, and the encounter of the Nabob with the journalist in Parisian streets. But the story is very absorbing from beginning to end. The naive account of the Nabob's secretary, Paul de Gery, sent to see how matters and things stood in Corsica, is wonderfully fine. The death scene of the Duke of Mora—the funeral scene—the quietly told tragedy of the suicide of Montparon, and the final scene of the Jansoulet tragedy are all masterpieces of writing—descriptive and emotional. Altogether *The Nabob* is a beautiful work of art by a true artist, and in its English guise seems to lose none of the effectiveness of its vernacular. The translation of Mrs. Hooper has all that dash, sparkle, piquancy, and color which her letters betray. She is never at loss for a word, or the meaning of an idiom, but seems to hit upon it by an inspiration. All the language of the translation is rendered to suit the exact spirit of the French original, and Daudet ought to be thankful that he has such an efficient interpreter.

This choice publication of Messrs. Estes & Lauriat is to form one of the "Cabinet Series," and will appear shortly bound in cloth, black, red and gilt at the price of $1.50.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, have published "Romances of the East," *Nouvelles Asiatiques*, from the French of Comte de Gobineau, French Minister to Sweden. It is a neat work of 327 pages, containing a sparkling collection of new and delightful Oriental stories. Paper cover, price 60 cents. Messrs. Appleton & Co. also have published a remarkable book and a fresh book, which is very well written, called, "An American Girl And Her Four Years in a Boys' College," by Sola. The story will interest co-educationists, and its 269 pages are very readable. It is neatly bound in stamped and gilt cloth. Messrs. Appleton & Co. also issue "Memory Gems for the Young," being choice selections from a hundred different authors, by Chas. Northend, A. M. This is a nice little book for scholars, young and old, and contains a great many quotations which are not hackneyed. All of the above works are for sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have in press a new book by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, entitled, "The Phantom Wedding; or, The Fall of the House of Flint," which is being printed from the author's manuscript. It will be published on Saturday, the 26th of January, in uniform style and price with her *Ishmael* and *Self Raised*, which have proved to be so immensely popular. "The Phantom Wedding" is sure to have a very large sale.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, have published another of the Star Series called, "Grey Abbey," a novel by the author of "Jack Blake," etc. It is a very good story, told in 328 pages, printed from clear, legible type, in compact 16mo. form and is attractively bound in fine cloth. Price, $1.00.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson, of this city, send us their new publication, "The Deserted Bride; or, Faith and Fidelity," by St. George Tucker. This is a love story, and makes the thirteenth volume of Peterson's dollar series. It is a very well written work, and will be sure to please the class of readers who admire this kind of story. It is published in one volume, tan vellum, black and gold. Price, $1.00.

THE MAGAZINES.

Appleton's Journal, for Febuary, 1878, the following intersting contents. Frontispiece. Illustration to "By Calia's Arbor." The American at Work. I. Among the Salt-Makers. By William H. Rideing. (With Six Illustrations.) A Pause. A Poem. By Barton Grey Stanley's Voyage down the Congo. By A. H. Guernsey Angelo. A short Story. By Lillian Gilbert Browne Freedom. A Poem. From the Servian. By Joel Benton "Rip Van Winkle," Talks with Jefferson the Actor Three Rings. A Poem. By E. S. F. Momentos of Mycenæ. By George M. Towle The Dying Actor. A Poem. By Edgar Fawcett The Battle of the Birds. By Maurice Thompson A New Year Greeting. A Poem. By Christian Reid "Cherry ripe!" A Novel. By Helen B. Mathers. From Athens to Corfu. By James A. Harrison this number of Appleton's is very charmingly illustrated.

With the January number the *Magazine of American History* (A. S. Barnes & Co.,) begins the second year of its existence, with a subscription list and a popular favor which warrant the publishers to promise a periodical of constantly increasing interest.

The Historical articles in the present issue are three in number, and comprise an account of the Fall of the Alamo and the massacre of its Texan defenders by Santa Anna in the year 1836, from the pen of Captain Reuben M. Potter, of the U. S. A.; a version of the Battle of Oriskany, by General J. Watts de Peyster, and some remarks on the Portraiture of Washington, by Isaac J. Greenwood.

The editor supplies a biographical sketch of the Waltons, of New York, which is illustrated by a fine steel portrait of William Walton, and an original drawing of the old Walton House. The Original Documents include the diary of Joshua Pell, Jr., a British officer in the Burgoyne campaign; an amusing proposal to the Continental Congress by a Polish prince, to establish a New Poland in America. The reprint is a translation from the *Mercure Francais* of the voyage of des Monts to Canada in 1603, etc. The department of Notes and Queries is full of details, covering a wide field of investigation and local interest, and the number closes with the usual literary notices, which are prepared with conscientious and impartial care; we are authorized to announce original articles of unusual value in the February number.

Scribner's Monthly midwinter number, in the variety of its contents, and the beauty of its illustrations, as well as in its entire mechanical execution, surpasses anything hitherto attempted.

In the series on American Sports, there is "Moose-Hunting," Illustrations by Sandham, Ward and Kelly; "A California Mining Camp," Illustrations and Text by Mary Hallock Foote; "The Humming Bird of the California Water-falls," Illustrations by Moran, Beard and Gibson; "Recent Church Decorations," by Clarence Cook, Illustrations of the work of Bartholdi. LaFarge and St. Gaudens; "Following the Halcyon to Canada," by Burroughs; "Majolica," by Castellani, etc., etc. There are also illustrated Poems and Stories by Stoddard, Gilder, Boyesen, Holland, and Stockton, besides Sketches, Essays, Reviews, and Fun;" "How a Man Takes Care of His Baby;" "An Asylum for Literary Lunatics," etc., etc.

One of the most noteworthy features of the *Midwinter Scribner* is a series entitled, "Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln," by Noah Brooks, with fac-simile of one of the President's stories in his own handwriting. These papers have been specifically copyrighted, so that they can be had only in the magazine.

For the convenience of purchasers of the *Midwinter Scribner*, there will appear the earlier chapters of "Roxy;" Dr. Eggleston's Novel, from the November, 1877, December, 1877, and January, 1878 numbers of *Scribner*, together with Mr. Frank R. Stockton's capital "Rudder Grange Stories," with the original illustrations (also contained in the *Midwinter Scribner*,) in a *Scribner Extra*, which is sold by all booksellers and newsdealers. Price, 15 cents.

We have received *The Eclectic Magazine*, published by E. R. Pelton, of 251 Bond Street, New York. It has rich and varied contents:

I. The Science of Electricity as applied in Peace and War.
II. Russians and Turks at the theatre of war.
III. The Murder of Thomas A'Becket. By Froude.
IV. La Grande Dame de l'Ancien Regime.
V. The Last Redoubt.
VI. Science and Man.
VII. Charles Dickens' Manuscripts.
VIII. A Mighty Sea Wave.
IX. Lyrics from Heine.
X. Books and Critics.
XI. Young Musgrave.
XII. A Study of Thoreau.
XIII. A Word on Rich Folks.
XIV. Two Sonnets.
XV. Rev. Joseph Cook.
XVI. Literary Notices.
XVII. Foreign Literary Notes.
XVIII. Science and Art.
XIX. Varieties.

There is a fine steel engraving as a frontispiece of this number, a portrait of Rev. Joseph Cook. It is a very excellent number.

MUSIC.

Messrs. White, Smith & Co., of Boston, send us "Home Sweet Home," fantasie de concert, by E. F. Pond. A good piano piece for practice and very beautifully arranged. "The Mill Will Never Grind with the Water That Has Passed," a song and chorus by John T. Rutledge, a song that is sure to take. "The Prince of Peace," a Christmas anthem by C. A. White, very pretty and not too difficult. "The Violin and Piano Quarterly," a journal devoted to duetts for violin or flute and piano with cornet *ad libitum*. Each number contains 20 pages, compiled by Charles A. White. This is a very good musical publication. Single number, 75 cents. Annual subscription, $2.00.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

LEMON CAKE.—Four cupfuls flour, three cupfuls sugar, one cupful butter, one cupful milk, five eggs, season with lemon.

TO CLEAN WALL PAPER.—Wall paper may be somewhat cleaned by using fine, dry Indian meal, rubbing it on with a soft, dry cloth.

FOR STARCHING LINEN.—Use one teaspoonful powdered borax to one quart of boiling starch; it will improve the stiffening and gloss.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup beef suet chopped fine, two cups sour milk, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, one cup raisins. Steam two hours.

TO MAKE TAFFY.—Two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of sugar, half a cup of milk, a teaspoonful butter and a piece of chocolate an inch square, boiled together about thirty minutes, will make nice taffy.

DRYNESS OF THE THROAT.—A remedy for dryness of the throat will be found in a small piece of muriate of ammonia, about 10 or 15 grains every two hours. Use the best quality, and allow it to dissolve slowly in the mouth.

KITCHEN ODORS.—A lump of bread about the size of a billiard-ball, tied up in a linen bag and inserted in the pot which boils greens, will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an insupportable odor to the regions above.

TRACUT PUDDINGS.—One dessert spoonful of corn flour, half pint of milk, six lumps of sugar, a few grains of salt; stir these on the fire, to boil five minutes; add one egg; beat up until well-mixed; pour this into a buttered cup, and boil twenty-five minutes.

REPLENISHING FIRES.—A very common mistake is made and much fuel is wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires in furnaces and grates. They should be fed with a little coal at a time, and often; but many, to save time and trouble, put on a great deal at once.

BUNS.—Six ounces of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, four eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, a tablespoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar, a small nutmeg; work the butter to a cream; add the milk next, putting in the flour and soda last.

GRAHAM PIE CRUST.—Take thin, sweet cream, and prepare a dough, as for crackers, roll out and make your pie as with a crust of grease and fine flour, and you will have an article that is very eatable and healthful.

CURE FOR INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.—Live temperately, avoid liquor, take a daily sponge bath, wear flannel next the skin, and take every morning one-half pint of fresh milk from the cow, mixed with a wineglass of the expressed juice of green hoarhound. To be successful it must be persisted in for some time.

INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of milk, half a pint of corn meal, half a cup of chopped suet, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of ground allspice, one egg, and a little salt; boil half the milk and stir in the corn meal; let it cool; then add the remainder of the milk and the other ingredients, pour all into a buttered dish, and bake one hour.

DOUGHNUTS.—One pound of white sugar, one quart of milk, one-half pound butter of lard, one pint yeast, flour sufficient to stiffen. Let the dough rise, then lift small portions lightly and twist into shape. Cook the nuts in boiling lard deep enough to swim them. Dust with sugar while hot. The same receipt makes an excellent rusk.

FARM AND GARDEN.

POULTRY.—The egg basket can only be filled now, by giving warm feed and providing a warm, dry house. Clean out the roosting places every week.

SALT FOR GRAPE VINES.—Table salt is highly recommended by a French grape grower for the vine disease of fungus growth and rotting: a handful of salt around the roots of each vine.

CARE OF SHEEP.—Sheep require plenty of fresh air. Their warm coats protect them from the cold, and if they have a dry yard, they are better out of doors in fine weather than in a close shed.

SPREADING MANURE.—If manure is spread on meadows now the freezing and thawing during the winter will tend to pulverize it, and the spring rains will wash the fertilizing material into the soil. It will also be ready as soon as the plants need the manure. But if the spreading is delayed until spring this end may not be secured.

FARM WAGES IN ENGLAND.—At a meeting of the hiring fairs in England and Scotland held recently, the wages agreed upon were as follows: At Aberdeen, for foremen, $85 to $100 per half year; for second foremen, $75; for third foremen, $60; for boys, from $30 to $50 per half year, according to ability. For women the wages were $38 per half year.

A FOX'S LARDER.—The English *Live Stock Journal* gives this account of the contents of a fox's home: "Digging a fox-hole, they came upon a well-stored larder. It contained 32 rabbits, 6 large leverets, 23 partridges, 1 thrush, 1 blackbird, 2 rats, and 1 mouse, besides a large quantity of wings and bones of other game, but not even the feather of the domestic fowl could be discovered."

CATCH CROPS.—These are turnips, peas, or buckwheat, sown between the row of corn at the last cultivating. Sometimes this may be done with profit. If the ground is rich, and weeds would grow, there may as well be something useful grown in place of them, and we have had 500 or 600 bushels of white turnips per acre, grown in this manner, which were worth nearly as much as the corn.

BREEDS OF HORSES.—The horses bred in Africa, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Asiatic Turkey, and in Persia are all of the same family, constituting the race known as of Eastern blood, or the Arab horse. Whether it be known under the name of the Turkish, Numidian, Barb or Arab of Syria matters little; these are mere prefixes, and the name of the family is the horse of the East. The other variety above the Mediterranean is the European horse.

HOW TO MEASURE HEIGHT.—The following suggestions will enable one to measure the height of a tree or other standing object, near enough for practical purposes: Place a mirror in a level position on the ground at a little distance from the tree. Then step backward until the top of the tree is reflected in the centre of the mirror. The height of the tree equals your height multiplied by the distance of the tree from the mirror, divided by your distance the mirror.

FLOATING APIARY.—This project we believe has never as yet been put in practice in our own country. The idea is to have an apiary on a large, flat-bottomed boat or raft, which is to be floated along on some of our large rivers, so as to be constantly in the midst of the greatest flow of honey almost the season through. It is well-known that the white clover commences to bloom first in the extreme south, and then gradually moves northward; if we could be in the midst of this yield during its height, for six or eight months, it would seem enormous crops might be obtained. We are informed in history, that the ancient Egyptians of the Nile made a practical success of these floating apiaries, and that they were warned when it was time to return home by the depth to which the boat sank in the water under the weight of the cargo of honey. That the bees might not be lost, the apiary was floated to a new field during the night. Something similar, located on wheels, to be drawn by horses, has been suggested, but we believe never attempted.

—A new order is about to be established in India, to be called the Order of the Indian Empire, and the English papers fail to see the need of it, inasmuch as the Order of the Star of India, a much higher dignity, was founded only seventeen years ago. The new order will hold very much the same place as the Legion of Honor in France, and will be given to successful native Indian administrators who have shown conspicuous public spirit or remarkable philanthropy.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Scribner's Monthly
MIDWINTER NUMBER.

THE MIDWINTER NUMBER of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, in the variety of its contents, and the beauty of its illustrations, as well as in its entire mechanical execution, surpasses anything we have hitherto attempted.

In the series on American Sports, there is "MOOSE-HUNTING," Illustrations by Sandham, Ward and Kelly; "A CALIFORNIA MINING CAMP," Illustrations and Text by MARY HALLOCK FOOTE; "THE HUMMING-BIRD OF THE CALIFORNIA WATER-FALLS," Illustrations by Moran, Beard and Gibson; "RECENT CHURCH DECORATIONS," by Clarence Cook, Illustrations of the work of Bartholdi. LaFarge and St. Gaudens; "Following the Halcyon to Canada," by Burroughs; "Majolica," by Castellani, etc., etc. There are also Illustrated Poems and Stories by Stoddard, Gilder, Boyesen, Holland, and Stockton, besides Sketches, Essays, Reviews, and Fun; "How a Man Takes Care of his Baby," "An Asylum for Literary Lunatics," etc., etc.

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One of the most noteworthy features of the MIDWINTER SCRIBNER is a series entitled, "PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF LINCOLN," by NOAH BROOKS, with fac-simile of one of the President's stories in his own handwriting. These papers have been specifically copyrighted, so that they can be had only in the magazine.

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PHILADELPHIA
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"THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," a powerful serial by Clementine Montagu will be commenced in the next number of the POST. This highly graphic and original story will be found replete with interest, and in every respect effective and romantic from the first chapter to the closing line.

HOME CULTURE was never more useful and didactic, and never appealed more to mothers and those who love the refinements of a select home, than in the present number. Fashions forms and reforms will be found a taking and most thorough part of this most admirable history and philosophy of etiquette.

THE REASONS.

It seems hardly necessary to point out to our many subscribers, readers, friends and patrons, the reasons why the POST is the best paper of its kind in circulation, because we feel that they already fully know, understand and appreciate the great care and expense which we have bestowed upon its pages in order to make it a HOME PAPER—A PAPER FOR YOUNG AND OLD; A GOOD PAPER; A PAPER WHICH IS PAR EXCELLENCE A LITERARY CASKET OF THE PUREST, BRIGHTEST, CHOICEST GEMS OF THOUGHT. They know too that what we promise we always perform, and having promised them A TRULY INTELLECTUAL PAPER, they are gratified to know that it has been our chief pleasure to supply them one which fully meets their wishes and hopes, and we on our part have to thank them for their esteem, confidence and appreciation.

LITERARY EXCELLENCE characterizes every department of the POST. It will be noticed that the many special divisions of the paper are all carefully, thoughtfully and conscientiously edited. They are not, as in most literary papers of the day, mere compilations carelessly arranged, but they show research and erudition. Therefore, the POST is a RELIABLE AUTHORITY on all matters upon which it treats, and it gives to the reader MORE REAL INFORMATION AND PLEASURE than any known paper of its size in America. But not only are its special departments thoroughly edited, but each department has a SPECIAL EDITOR, whose province it is to make his particular department A COMPLETE SUCCESS. This adds to the intrinsic value of an already valuable paper like the POST, and its readers know they can depend upon its thoroughness, its freshness, its point, its variety, and its high tone.

CHARACTER.

The peculiar mental and moral identity of individuals, is called character. Webster defines it as "a distinctive mark;" also as "the sum of qualities which distinguish one person from another." All these definitions suit the word, and this word has been, of itself, the cause of much debate among philosophers. Modern scientists, in their enthusiastic endeavors to formulate the reasons of being, are disposed to argue that the character of the child is a product of the qualities of the parents, and that, given certain parental qualities, the result of the equation is such and such a character, thereby reducing the mysterious to the condition of a mathematical problem.

It is absurd to say that science can ever penetrate the reason of entity, or solve the enigma of being. It has done wonders, but must be content to rest upon its past and present achievements. Character is implanted in the human as life is, by a mysterious power of the Creator, and all attempts to solve the riddle have hitherto proved futile.

There are no two children of a family who are exactly alike in character, disposition, or tastes. The rule lately laid down by dogmatic naturalists, that genius is hereditary, proves true only in exceptional cases, and the human species is not, and cannot, be regulated by statistical philosophy and vain theories. It is not for us to know the why and the wherefore of Providence. Suffice it that men differ in character, and that the reason why they differ is for a wise purpose of Him who created them.

Tennyson, in his beautiful and most philosophic "Two Voices," touches upon the question, and says:

"His little daughter whose sweet face
He kissed, taking his last embrace,
Becomes dishonor to her race.
His sons grow up to bear his name;
Some grow to honor, some to shame,
But he is deaf to praise or blame."

This is truth, and truth which philosophy cannot account for, or ameliorate.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE various stages of religion are given by Sir John Lubbock, as follows: 1. Atheism. 2. Fetishism. The worship of some material object, such as a stone or tree. 3. Nature worship and Totemism. 4. Shamanism. The belief in evil spirits, and the necessity of averting their malign influence by magic spells and rites—derived from the Persian word Shaman, an idolator. 5. Idolatry, or Anthropomorphism. 6. That in which the Deity is looked upon as a really supernatural being, a creator, and 7. That in which morality becomes associated with religion.

THE beautiful simplicity of genius is apparent in the works of Beethoven. We were present, of late, at a concert in which many wondrous compositions of the modern composers—Raff, St. Saens, Berlioz, and Wagner, thrilled us with pleasure, and where the power of the orchestra was grandly displayed; but towards the close of the programme, an andante and minuet brought tears to our eyes. They were so simple, so sweet, so harmonious and dependent upon very few instruments for their effect. They were divine creations of art by a master.

IN all art nature is in reality the beginning and the end of theory. It is in nature only we can find that beauty which is the greatest object of our search; it can be found no where else; we can no more form any idea of beauty superior to nature than we can form any idea of a sixth sense or any other excellence out of the limits of the human mind. Nothing can be so unphilosophical as a supposition that we can form any idea of beauty out of or beyond nature, which is and must be the foundation head, whence all our ideas must be derived.

WHY should not Americans now endeavor to assert themselves abroad, and ignore the trans-Atlantic fashions and fripperies—the French and English modes of thinking, eating and dressing? It is strange that a nation of nearly forty million of people should be so prone to adopt the notions of other countries instead of following our own. It will always be so, perhaps, and our merits will languish for want of encouragement. It is better thus, says the political economist. Commerce would stand still if each nation only patronized its own, therefore let us continue to import European luxuries, and send in revenge beef, canned fruits, and Yankee notions to the ends of the earth.

THOSE Chinese are a queer set. After the completion of the first railroad in Shanghai, a Chinese soldier, seeing a train approaching, upon hearing the whistle blown—no doubt fancying it a signal for him to approach—advanced towards the engine, and was cut to pieces. Now they really do everything backwards in that Chinee country, and this is a striking instance. Steam is a fraud to those heathen, and they are determined to oppose it, even if the whole army has to be called upon to charge the railway trains. But if steam succeeds in the East, India will only be sending on orders to the Yankees for a patent high pressure Juggernaut car, for use upon the highways.

IF we were asked to define "check," we should say that check is philosophical impudence—the power of doing, daring intolerable things in an artistic way, in a way to make people stare, and yet not in a way to make people irritable. Impudence is one thing, check another, and widely different. Whereas, pure unadulterated impudence, born of hot blood, meets with but hot reception, hard knocks, traps, troubles and punishment; check never does. Who ever heard of a cheeky man being kicked? Check is its owner's best friend and blessing. It is nerve power, elastic force, invincible might. Check is eloquent, witty, imaginative; check smiles; check is the fruit of politeness, modesty; check is the favorite of the ladies. It is persuasive; it coaxes; it uses no violence, yet it is no more to be resisted than the Sheriff's deputy or the measles. It picks your pockets with a flourish, and you can never get angry at its capers. It makes you laugh in spite of yourself, when you ought rather to growl and snap. As the Turks say of the kick of the camel, its effect is soft but stunning. It is not genius, for genius has too often only life's tragedy as an inheritance—the history of struggles and tears. Genius merely helps the people; check lives in the sunny comedy of life, and helps—itself, and grows fat upon it, too. That is check.

THE infinite variety of life in the ocean is a source of wonder to the scientist and the observer of nature; and it is always a good idea to encourage the formation of salt water aquaria. In Europe every city of importance has an aquarium, in which are to be seen choice specimens of such marine monsters as are seldom seen in the ordinary museums of natural history. It is quite as easy to have a good salt water aquarium as it is to have a good zoological garden, and it would pay a municipality to have one for the public, charging, of course, a small fee for admission. It is to be hoped that ere long every town and village in America will be able to support a garden of natural history, including specimens of all kinds—animal and vegetable—and to keep in such a garden a fresh and salt water aquarium, where everybody may behold some of the uncouth, but nevertheless interesting, monsters of the great deep. When we consider that the ocean is three-fourths of the globe, we can scarcely imagine what a wondrous space and depth of life exists within its enormous area, as yet unknown to science—not only in the shape of fishes, but in creatures which, like the zoophytes, are half plant, half animal. It is not altogether an Utopian idea to hint at such collections being formed, where the people may be entertained for a small fee, and we should like to see it put into practical operation.

IT is not commonly known, or believed, that there is a distinct and special branch of the fine arts called "eye painting." The professors of this specialty are denizens of neighborhoods where rows and scuffles are of daily occurrence, and their El Dorado is in the vicinity of dram shops and dance houses. All around New York one sees their signs holding forth to the world, that "eyes are skilfully and artistically painted by professor so and so." The whole art consists in being able to paint a bruised eye, or the surrounding cuticle, which, in some pugilistic encounter, or melee, has been blackened and disfigured, so that its owner may pass muster among the ranks of the civilized, and nobody be the wiser. It is a great art, nevertheless, for it needs a due appreciation of pigments to produce a life-like effect, and tone down the black and blue disfigurement of the orb. The paint used is simply water color mixed with soap, and it is applied with an ordinary paint brush. It has a shiny look for awhile, which changes to a ghastly chalkiness, which at once identifies the eye as a painted one. Nevertheless, it is much in vogue among the fine gentlemen of the period who have suffered the too near approach of antagonistic knuckles, and who wish to look handsome at the ball, and is probably as rational as female face enamelling, after all.

IF Hamlet were really mad, as some critics allege, he was not nearly so mad as are many of his portrayers upon the stage. Once upon a time it was our misfortune, in a provincial town, to behold a mad actor playing Hamlet madly, not as the flaxen-haired Dane, but in a wig of the purest white—an innovation in the conception of the part which may surprise Shakspearean scholars. The white wig was typical of the intense grief and horror which had bleached the raven locks of the Danish prince. The performance of the title role was at times amusing, and we thought that if this were really Will Shakspeare's Hamlet, he was a fit subject for Bedlam. The real Hamlet certainly was not mad enough to forget his lines in the play scene, and have to edge over towards the somewhat boisterous prompter to restore his speech. The Hamlet whom we saw was in exactly such a predicament, and what with his oblivion of the text and his anxiety to keep his aforesaid white wig in place, he was an object of pity and alarm. The ghost, too, was a dire failure—for his ghostly gauze robe became entangled in his feet, and ripped with a more than sepulchral shriek, which brought down the house. The ghost was, likewise, more in dread of Hamlet than Hamlet of the ghost—for Hamlet looked upon the ghost as a friend—and would sidle up to him to get his cue, which the ghost would give him with a twist of the mouth which was very unspiritual. Then, when the King is killed in the last act, and ought, in strict propriety, to lie still and look dead—he must give way to sneezing; (there is a great deal of draught upon some of the provincial stages) and set the audience tittering more than ever the grave digger could make them. Hamlet was not only mad, if this were the real Simon Pure creation, but all the rest of his neighbors were also, and incurably so.

NEW POSTAL CARD:—A new style of postal card is now used in Germany. It consists of two cards of the ordinary size attached together, each having a postal stamp. These double cards are furnished by the Post Office, and are sent for the purpose of facilitating the return of answers.

FEATHERS OF THE WOODCOCK:—Artists once used to seek for certain feathers which the woodcock carries, one in each wing, thinking to make of them a more delicate brush than the finest camel's hair.

HOME CULTURE.

XXX.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

God looks down upon no baser deed upon this earth than such a sacrifice, when Christian parents make their children pass through the fire to Moloch, and go about in society, enraptured with their success; thinking, when the sale of the slave is over, that they have accomplished the greatest good, when, in reality, they have murdered a soul, and sown, it may be, the first seed of their daughter's dishonor. She is told that she will have all things she needs—wealth, position, luxury, society, at her feet—that these things will heal the hurt her honor feels; these will console her for the loss of the freedom of the heart; these will supply her with a higher happiness than that which comes of mutual respect and mutual love in marriage. If betrayed by weakness or through terror any poor soul has taken up this degradation, and wakes too late to find that she has a soul and a heart, let her not hope to kill her pain in desperate pleasure, nor allow scorn of life to master her, nor give up her duties because every step she makes in them is marked by blood. Here is a broad field for novelists to exercise their powers in. Here lie shoals and rocks of life, where, if beacon lights are placed in time to warn the ignorant of danger, many shipwrecks may be prevented; many fair and richly-freighted barks be saved. Still, where mothers are vigilant, where duty is more to them than ambition, the novelist's warnings may not be needed, and yet such mothers are always quick to seek aid from outside influences, realizing the truth of a remark made by a distinguished French mother of a bygone century, who said: "Whatever care is used in the education of children, it is still too little to answer the end." After all, the mother only lays the foundation for the hourly work of self-improvement which alone can build up a fair and perfect structure of character; and although she may be often disheartened and well-nigh discouraged in her labor of love and duty, she should remember the promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and *when he is old* he will not depart from it." The promise is not given that his conduct will always be in his youth as exemplary as she would desire it to be; but when he arrives at the age that character becomes symmetrical (if the material is good and it has been built up aright) then, to use a worn-out simile, his virtues will be found locking into each other like the stones of an arch, in which each takes its relative position, and all are held in place by the key-stone of duty; thus making good to the mother the promise of Holy Writ.

"I shall never forget," said Kant, in his old age, "that it was my mother who caused to fructify the good which is in my soul." Cuvier, it is said, attributed to his mother all the pleasure of his studies and the glory of his discoveries. "I used to draw under her superintendence, and read aloud books of history and general literature. It is thus that she developed in me that love of reading and that curiosity for all things which were the spring of my life." Byron's mother, a woman full of caprice and pride, whose narrow mind was only expanded by vanity, hatred and revenge, who pitilessly made a jest of the natural infirmity of her child, ingrafted in his heart her corrosive passions, and made his life a curse to himself and to others, despite his genius. Lamartine, over whose cradle was shed the light of a tender mother's love, under her tuition developed that genius (a spark of which is said to be implanted in every soul) until it "resembled incense, the perfumes of which are diffused over the earth, but which burns only for heaven." It has been said "Good teachers make good scholars, but it is only mothers that form men." Rather should it be said—It is only mothers (or women with mother-hearts) who possess the power of inspiring that love of virtue and knowledge which, when once established in the soul, enables a man to "mould his own material, quarry his own nature, and make his own character" what it should be; for this is a work than no one can do for him.

It is hard for the mother, as well as for her older children when with a large family, nursery duties prevent her from continuing that degree of watchful care which they have had in their childhood, just at the age when character is moulded like wax by the shaping power of thought and example. But her babes even are in less danger from neglect than are those of her children whose minds are developing as rapidly as exotics in a hot-house. At this age a taste is easily cultivated for works on natural science and for history, as well as for those juvenile books that teach important lessons; such as are found in the works of Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Child, Miss Yonge, and in many other books written for the young. If mothers could realize the influence which the companionship of books exerts in youth upon the tastes and the habits of their children, they would choose for them such as would both interest and instruct, before their children's minds had become vitiated by works of an unhealthy nature and stories of a sensational order. A taste for these once acquired, the task of a Hercules would have to be accomplished to bring back the mind to its virgin state. The poison imbibed from books works all the more surely because it works secretly; so that the influence of bad books may be even greater than the influence of bad associates. The mother has it in her power to make those books that her riper judgment selects as suitable, the companions and friends of her children, and to impress upon them the truths found in their pages by conversing with them about the moral lessons or the intellectual instruction that they contain. Children are always asking questions with regard to everything that they see or hear, and the patient mother who answers these questions to the best of her ability, seeking information to impart to them, when these questions are beyond the reach of her capacity to answer, will reap a rich reward in their superior intelligence and in their thirst for knowledge—a thirst which, when once aroused in the human soul, is never quenched. It does not seem to occur to some minds that parents owe any other duties to their children than to send them to good schools and to see that they are properly clothed and fed. Their morals and their manners are left to their nursery-maids, possibly, for the mothers who best fulfil their duties in these respects are quite as often found among those who cannot afford to keep a maid. Sometimes children are trusted to choose their own associates; or mothers choose for them, in reference toward position in society more than in regard to the best culture of mind and heart and manners.

It is hard to escape being influenced by the opinions of society, and it is not well to be too independent of them in many particulars; but those who have a high ideal in character to attain, learn to care only for the judgment of those whose lives and conversation illustrate that ideal. In disregarding the opinions of the purely worldly, mothers can best cultivate that true spirit of independence which enables them to choose what is best for the highest development of their children, instead of with reference to the external advantages. In this way, society expands and exalts the powers, instead of dwarfing and degrading them. A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. Rudeness, vulgarity and all evil, are as contagious for the young, as are the whooping-cough and the measles, and their effects are much more lasting. Therefore, it is necessary to guard the child as far as is possible from all approaches of either; so that the careful mother keeps a vigilant eye upon the associates of her children, as well as upon the books they read, until their tastes and their habits have been formed in such matters; thus preserving the purity and innocence of childhood untainted, up to that period when the ignorance of evil is no longer desirable, but on the contrary, is fraught with danger. Then, the prudent mother will instruct her children where the pit-falls and the quicksands of life lie; she will enlighten them as to the nature of evil, showing them how stealthily it approaches clothed in alluring garb and wooing with seductive smiles. Which will be in the most danger, the youth who, walking in a thicket of roses, discovers for himself the precipice that borders one side of it, concealed from sight by the beautiful flowers that grow along its very brink, or the one who knows from the start that the precipice is there, and that only one step from the roses lie coiled the serpents of sin and remorse? Now comes the period when the mother may be aided by works of fiction which teach that our earthly passions are the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; and that, according as the fruit is gathered from this tree, will be the life or the death of the spiritual nature of her children. Innocence is not virtue. Innocence is weak, virtue is strong. The strength of virtue lies in its power to resist and endure; the weakness of innocence is in its ignorance: therefore, the change from ignorant youthful innocence to one of enlightened manly or womanly virtue, is one that mothers should hasten, instead of retarding, when the eyes of their children have been turned toward the alluring fruit of the tree of life; then, when the tempter comes offering this fruit for their use, they will be able to discern the evil from the good; for the fruit of the knowledge of evil, and the fruit of the knowledge of good, grow together side by side, on the same tree. Merely to deny improper books is not enough. Something must be given in place of them, or the craving will continue, and the child will be very apt to gratify its appetite in secret. Those books which teach that sin and sorrow are God's divinely appointed apostles to mankind; that no one is secure from temptation, but rather that virtue is tested by it as gold by the refiner's fire; that no love which is properly controlled but may be made the means of one's own spiritual advancement; that innocence is not virtue; that ignorance is cruelly dangerous; that the knowledge of evil is essential to all progress as well as to all virtue of the highest type. Such are the books that many youth of the present day need to warn them of the rapids toward which they are tending and the whirlpool of unregulated passion in which so many barks go down.

There are some careful and conscientious mothers who watching the gradual change from infancy and childhood to youth and maturity, and who marking how often additional knowledge is accompanied by additional sin, wish that their children's ignorance of evil might be prolonged; and are inclined to fancy that knowledge itself is but a doubtful blessing. This idea proceeds rather from a negative hatred of evil than from a positive love of good, and its error lies in *mistaking innocence for virtue.*

Innocence is lovely in the child, because in harmony with its nature, but our path in life is not backward but onward, and virtue can never be the offspring of mere innocence. If we are to progress in the knowledge of good, we must also progress in the knowledge of evil. Every experience of evil brings its own temptation, and, according to the degree in which the evil is recognized, and the temptations resisted, will be the value of the character into which the individual will develop. Innocence may be beautiful, but can never be strong, while the whole essence of virtue lies in its strength to resist and power to endure. If the innocence of childhood be replaced by the firm principles of integrity and honor, the loss will be really a great gain. It is only where the knowledge of evil is unattended by appreciation of its nature, where temptations are yielded to and not resisted, that we are induced to grieve over the departure of that innocence which was so beautiful in earlier years.

It is not so much the knowledge of evil that is to be feared as the ignorance of positive good to overcome it; not the advance of one part of our nature but the failure to advance in the higher and nobler parts. As the stature and power of the full grown man is superior to that of the little child, so is the strength and energy of virtue superior to the innocence that only ignores the evil, without having tasted the good.

Knowledge, to be truly valuable, must be guided by wisdom, and the essence of all wisdom consists in discovering and obeying the laws of the Creator. This can render even the loss of innocence itself the means of developing our highest nature. The real danger to be feared for the rising generation is not so much that they should learn about evil as that they should not learn about good. Positive good will soon crowd out evil, while, if we could, by our utmost energies, simply guard the mind from all approaches of sin, we should at the most only accomplish a negative work which would fail in producing a virtuous character. Let mothers then be careful to sow the seeds of positive moral goodness, as well as to eradicate the weeds that will occupy the soil of every heart that is left uncultivated. Planted thickly with the seeds of truth, integrity, self-denial and love, a rich harvest of noble character will be yielded, while the utmost toil will fail to keep down the weeds of vice in the heart where positive virtues do not grow.

CHAPTER XI.

FASHION, FORMS AND REFORMS.

That Law, Religion and Manners are related; that their respective kinds of operation come under one generalization; that they have in certain contrasted characteristics of men a common support and a common danger, will, however, be most clearly seen on discovering that they have a common origin. Little as from present appearances we should suppose it, we shall yet find that at first the control of religion, the control of laws, and the control of manners, were all one control. However incredible it may now seem, we believe it to be demonstrable that the rules of etiquette, the provisions of the statute-book, and the commands of the decalogue, have grown from the same root. * * * * * *

Law and religion control behavior in its essentials; manners control it in its details.

Submission, whether to a government, to the dogmas of ecclesiastics, or to that code of behavior which society at large has set up, is essentially of the same nature, and the sentiment which induces resistance to the despotism of rules, civil or spiritual, likewise induces resistance to the despotism of the world's opinion. Look at them fundamentally; and all enactments alike of the legislature, the consistory, and the saloon—all regulations, formal or virtual, have a common character: they are all limitations of men's freedom. "Do this—refrain from that," are the blank formulas with which they may all be written, and in each case the understanding is that obedience will bring approbation here and Paradise hereafter; while disobedience will entail imprisonment, or sending to Coventry, or eternal torments, as the case may be. And if restraints, however named, and through whatever apparatus of means exercised, are one in their action upon men, it must happen that those who are patient under one kind of restraint, are likely to be patient under another; and conversely, that those impatient of restraint in general, will, on the average, tend to show their impatience in all directions.—[Origin of Law, Religion and Manners, by Herbert Spencer.

The same author continues: Manners originate by the imitation of the behavior pursued toward the great. Fashion originates by imitation of the great. As the strong men, the successful men, the men of will, intelligence and originality, who have got to the top, are, on the average, more likely to show judgment in their habits and tastes than the mass; the imitation of such is advantageous.

By and by, however, Fashion, corrupting like other forms of rule, almost wholly ceases to be an imitation of the best, and becomes an imitation of quite other than the best.

The self-elected clique who set the fashion, gain this prerogative, not by their force of nature, their intellect, their higher worth or better taste, but gain it solely by their unchecked assumption. Among the initiated are to be found neither the noblest, the chief in power, the best cultured, the most refined, nor those of greatest genius, wit or beauty; and their reunions, so far from being superior to others, are noted for their inanity. Yet, by the example of these sham great, and not by that of the truly great, does society at large now regulate its goings and comings, its hours, its dress, its small usages. As a natural consequence, these have generally little or none of that suitableness which the theory of fashion implies they should have. But instead of a continual progress towards greater elegance and convenience, which might be expected to occur did people copy the ways of the really best, or follow their own ideas of propriety, we have a reign of usages without meaning, times without fitness, and of wanton oscillations from one extreme to the other.

It is for this reason that sensible people in America rebel at some of the ordinances of society, and seek to do away with senseless customs while adopting others which are better suited to our mode of life.

Now that society has greatly enlarged since the days of our grandmothers, we have not time to carry out rules prescribed for those days. Take for instance the custom, now almost obsolete, of calling in person upon every family included in a visiting list before sending out invitations for a party or a ball. The rule was made in old-schooldays, in order that those acquaintances that were not included, should not feel "dropped" by the one sending out the invitations, and is still considered as a binding one by some, who carry their resentment so far as to remain away from an entertainment which has not been heralded by the *avant-courier* of a card, thus showing an utter want of appreciation of the spirit and meaning of the card. For now, if left at all, they should certainly not be required at the houses of those who are invited. No hostess who entertains frequently has any time to spare for carrying out such rules, and if sensible and independent she will not regard them. Even when this rule has been observed, there have been found among those who received the card of the caller, followed by no invitation, numbers who have expressed their surprise at not being included, among the expected guests when, perhaps, there was no occasion for surprise if all the attendant circumstances were taken into consideration. Thus, when if the rule has continued beyond the memory of its object, it must eventually drop off, like the dead leaves from the bud, when they have served their uses.

In this way may be recognized the meaning, the naturalness, the necessity of the various eccentricities of reformers. They are not accidental; they are not mere personal caprices, as people are apt to suppose. On the contrary, they are inevitable results of the law of relationship, and lead in fashion as in religion to the ignoring of senseless dictates; and to the emancipation from dead customs in the former as from dead creeds in the latter.* This discipline of circumstances which has already wrought out such great changes in us must go on eventually to work out yet greater ones. That daily curbing of the lower nature and culture of the higher, which out of cannibals and devil worshippers has evolved philanthropists, lovers of peace and haters of superstition, cannot fail to evolve out of these, men as much superior to them as they are to their progenitors. As it is now needless to forbid man-eating and fetishism, so will it ultimately become needless to forbid murder, theft, and the minor offences of our criminal code. When human nature has grown into conformity with the moral law, there will need no judges or statute books; when it spontaneously takes the right course in all things, as in some things it does already, prospects of future reward or punishment will not be wanted as incentives, *and when fit behavior has become instinctive, there will be no need of a code of ceremonies to say how behavior shall be regulated.* For it is behavior which is the vital bud; and forms and ceremonies do but sustain the same relation to it, as do the unfolding and decaying leaves of the calyx which drop off, leaving the fruit behind. Those most learned in ceremonies and most precise in the observance of them, are not always the best behaved; just as lawyers are of all men the least noted for probity, and those deepest read in creeds and scriptures are not therefore the most religious.

Still it is necessary that there should be some conformity to prescribed rules, even in dress, if for no other reason than for the comfort and peace of mind of the wearer. Take, for instance, a young man who enters a drawing-room in evening dress in daylight, finding himself the only gentleman present not in morning dress; or, wearing a frock coat in the evening, finds himself the only one not in evening dress. His enjoyment of the evening is greatly diminished, yet this ought not to be so. It in no way interferes with the pleasure or comfort of the hostess or her guests, and but for the annoyance of the wearer, all would have been as if he had worn the prescribed evening dress. Here, and in similar cases, the professed reformer comes in with the work that he seeks to aid in doing; for to the true reformer, no institution is sacred, no custom beyond criticism. Everything shall conform itself to equity and reason; nothing shall be saved by its prestige. He consents to no restrictions save those which other men's equal claims involve. Whether the penalty for disobedience be frowns or social ostracism, he sees to be a question of no moment. He will utter his belief notwithstanding the threatened punishment, he will break conventions spite of the petty persecutions that will be visited on him. But show him that his actions are inimical to his fellow men and he will pause. Prove that he is disregarding their legitimate claims—that he is doing what in the nature of things must produce unhappiness, and he will alter his course. Until you do this, until you demonstrate that his proceedings are essentially inconvenient or inelegant, essentially irrational, unjust or ungenerous, he will persevere.

*An example is here given of the falling off or dropping, of a custom, by the adoption of a new one. Formerly, all cards sent at the time of wedding or other receptions, by resident invited guests, who were unable to attend, were delivered in person, or by friends who were going to these receptions, or sent in by servants "unlicensed." Now, since the observance of this rule has become too onerous, by reason of our more extended circles of acquaintance, and offices have been established where messenger boys can be obtained, such cards are often delivered by them, and must be necessarily enclosed to prevent the cards from being handed in in a soiled condition. As custom now sanctions the use of cards in a manner which was once considered wanting in respect, the old rule must drop out of use, as the dead leaves from the bud when new leaves come. The rule, however, is still held quite as binding between residents exchanging cards, or calls, and is adopted only for the greater convenience of persons who are not able to make their appearance on the stated day of a reception, and for those who send P. P. C. cards, as well as for gentlemen in business who have no leisure to make morning calls in acknowledgment of hospitalities extended. For such the post is preferable to messenger boys.

Still another illustration may be cited, in the wearing of veils by ladies at day receptions, and in making calls. It is no longer considered discourteous not to remove the veil when entering a house; the need of doing so having gone out with the adoption of sheer lace veils. In the days of our mothers it was not easy to recognize the face of a friend, under the veil covered with needle-work, that was then worn; and consequently, had ladies been permitted to sit with their veils over their faces, it would have been as disagreeable for the lady receiving them as if her callers were masks, while she, herself, remained unmasked. When the need goes by, the rule that was made to meet it, should pass away with it, and not be provincially clung to after the manner of slickers for farms and ceremonies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ROOTS OF THE ROSES.

BY ALICE CARY.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Both darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
The swallow back to the eaves;

The robin will wear on his bosom
The vest that is bright and new,
And the liveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with sun and dew.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI—[CONTINUED.]

"See what war can do," he said slowly, "You are very good to me. It is coming again."

Again she helped him, never once losing her self-control.

"Is it gone?" she asked, as the tension of pain passed from his face, and his hands were unclenched.

"Yes, thank you. I did wisely to long for a woman's gentle hands. I am grateful to you."

Then he told her how fiery the ordeal had been through which he passed.

"Can you imagine," he said, "what it is to me, a once strong man, a soldier, with all a soldier's longing for action—can you imagine what I feel at having to spend the greater part of my time on a couch? The very manhood within me recoils from it. I am always dreaming of what I could do if I were strong and well. I dream sometimes that I am on my favorite charger, sword in hand. I see the foe flying before me, and I am in hot pursuit. I wake to find it a dream, and to feel the red-hot rings of pain that seem to bind me. I ask myself why is it? Then, soldier and man as I am, I bow my head and say, 'Heaven knows best.'"

She was looking at him with dark tender eyes.

"Have all lives such sorrows and cares, Sir Raoul?" she asked. "Is no one free?"

"I think not—the young and beautiful, the great and wealthy, the highest in rank, all seem to have their sorrows. I often think the greatest are those we can see the least of."

"Why is it?" she asked thoughtfully.

"How many times have I asked the same question of myself! I should say that souls require suffering to purify them as gold does the fire."

"I am quite sure," she said, raising her face to his, "that I should be better always for being happier."

"It is natural enough to think so—I am not sure that it is true. There are noble qualities latent in most people; suffering draws them out. But you, young and—pardon me, my kinswoman—beautiful, should not want to be happier than you are."

She made him no answer, but the dark eyes drooped sadly. If he knew, if he only knew the secret and history of her life!

That day passed so quickly and so pleasantly to Sir Raoul that he could not realize his new existence.

When the pain had left him, and he was able to sit up, she brought him books and photographs; she talked to him and amused him; she made the time pass so quickly that he marvelled at her quick intelligence, her womanly wit. There was a touch even of genius in her noble, keen appreciation of art, in her passionate love of music. Then a dainty little luncheon was brought to him, after which she insisted on his driving out with her.

Sir Raoul laughed.

"I shall begin to think that I am a carpet-knight," he said.

"The hard work went before it," rejoined Hildred. "You will enjoy a drive, Sir Raoul—the sun is warm, and the air is mild."

He sat by the side of the beautiful, tender-hearted, graceful girl, and they found a hundred subjects of conversation. The fragrant air, the warm sunbeams, the beautiful face, the sweet caressing voice, all greatly affected Sir Raoul. Then, when they returned, she bade him adieu until dinner-time. He looked at her half anxiously.

"How do you employ your time when you have no visitors?" he said. "You have buried yourself with me the whole day."

"I do the best I can," she replied. "Sometimes I have engagements—callers, I try to study, but I am afraid I spend a great deal of time in thinking. This morning, when you came to me in the conservatory, I had been standing there more than an hour thinking idle thoughts."

"But," said Sir Raoul, "does not Caraven ever spend a morning with you at home?"

He noticed the same change come over her face as came over it before when she heard her husband's name.

"No," she replied briefly, turning away; "we meet at dinner-time; not before."

He thought long and anxiously after she had gone. How strange it was that Caraven, always delighting in beautiful women, could not care for her! What a sad thing! Both so young, with every gift of life before them, every gift the earth could bestow lavished on them, yet miserable because they did not love each other—husband and wife, sworn to love and honor each other, yet farther apart than strangers—even disliking each other! It seemed to him pitiful.

"I wonder," he thought, "if I could do anything? If I could only restore peace and harmony to them, I should not have lived in vain."

Could he? It was early yet to judge. He must see them together—then he could tell better. He must study them both, and see what it is possible to do.

The first dinner-bell had rung when the Earl returned, and Sir Raoul did not see him until dinner-time. Lady Caraven was the first to enter the drawing-room, where Sir Raoul awaited her. She looked very lovely in her evening-dress. It was of white—white that shone and gleamed—with picturesque patches of scarlet. She wore scarlet and white flowers, with a suite of opals. He had thought her beautiful before, but now, with her white neck and shoulders and rounded arms all shown, she looked, he thought, magnificent.

Her face brightened when she saw him. How strange it seemed that a kindly smile should greet her in those cold rooms!

"It seems so novel and so strange, Sir Raoul," she said, "to find a kind face here."

"It ought not to seem so," responded Sir Raoul warmly.

Then the Earl came in. He passed his wife with a silent bow, never once looking at her, and she drew aside the skirts of her robe to let him go by. Sir Raoul could not help noticing that she seemed to dread lest they should even touch him. There was not much hope of love or reconciliation there. Lord Caraven went over to him at once, shook hands with him warmly, and asked him how he had spent the day.

"Very happily, thanks to Lady Caraven," he replied—"she has been all kindness to me."

The Earl looked both pleased and impatient.

"You certainly seem better," he remarked. "We shall have you well yet, Raoul."

"Please Heaven," said the soldier reverently. "And when I am well I shall rejoin my regiment."

Sir Raoul saw that, instead of joining in the conversation, Lady Caraven walked away to the other end of the drawing-room, never paying the least attention to her husband—her behavior as cold, indifferent, neglectful, as his had been to her.

"I will tell you one thing, Ulric," he said; "if I do recover, I shall owe something to your wife; she is the kindest nurse I have ever met with."

"Is she?" asked the Earl languidly.

"If ever you fall ill yourself, you will believe it, Ulric."

"I hope I never shall," returned the Earl; "if I do I shall not expect the Countess of Caraven to nurse me."

"Ulric," said Sir Raoul in a low voice, "what induced you to tell me that your wife was tall and dark—nothing more?"

"So she is," he replied.

"Soldiers are pretty good judges—they see the women of many lands—believe me when I say that I have never met, or seen, a more beautiful woman than your wife."

"'If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?'" quoted the Earl. "I am glad you think so. I do not admire her style of beauty. If any one else does, so much the better—I do not object. There is the bell. Isn't it dreadful that the sound of the dinner-bell has a greater charm for me than the discussion of a lady's beauty?"

Lady Caraven hastened forward. Her husband said something to her. She answered him with a cold, haughty look. Sir Raoul spoke; it was quite another face that she turned to him—brilliant, tender, beautiful. She begged him to take her arm. He looked at her laughingly.

"It would be cruel to take so fair an arm," he said, "with a strong one like Ulric's near."

"Mine is strong with good will," she said smiling.

And Sir Raoul could not refuse. He leaned as lightly as possible on the lovely round arm, but his heart was warmed by her kindness.

Then he set to work resolutely to watch her, to see if in any respect she was deficient. He could not discover anything. She took her place with consummate grace. She was well versed in all the etiquette of the table—she was a charming hostess. He saw, too, that with all her wealth and all her beauty, she was an excellent mistress of the household; her servants were well trained and obedient.

"I do not see myself," thought Sir Raoul, "what Ulric can desire."

He could detect no fault in her; but he did not stop to wonder what their dinners must be like when they were quite alone.

The Earl might have guessed the nature of his thoughts, for he said suddenly:

"We had some friends coming to-night, but I postponed their visit, thinking that you would be tired, Raoul. We never dine alone."

The young Countess made no remark. Sir Raoul saw that she had plenty of self-control; no matter how sarcastic and bitter her husband was she was never provoked to reply.

"She has that virtue," he said to himself, "self-control—and it is a sure foundation for many others."

CHAPTER XXII.

Sir Raoul Laureston had been for three weeks at Halby House; during that time he had grown to love the young Countess as though she had been a sister of his own. In proportion as his love for her increased, his affection for the Earl decreased. In one he saw self-control, in the other unbridled self-indulgence. He thought over and over again that so fair a girl deserved a better fate. He had also become less sanguine as to the reconciliation of husband and wife, less hopeful about it, and he wondered less at their estrangement. The handsome boy whom he had loved so dearly was indeed changed. He seemed to have completely lost sight of the higher ends of life. Duty was a dead letter to him. Self-indulgence, pleasure, gaming, betting, and horse racing filled up his time to the total and inexcusable neglect of the beautiful young wife who bore his name. Indeed, after Sir Raoul arrived he neglected her more than ever. He had been accustomed to escort her to all public places, but now he went his own road, saying to himself that she was "all right"—Raoul was there, Raoul would attend to her.

They agreed very well together; but then Raoul was always different from other men—a *preux chevalier*. For whole days together the Earl did not see his wife, and oftener now than ever he dined from home. There were times when Hildred's youth and pride rose in hot rebellion against her fate, when she could not endure to remember that the gallant soldier and hero was a witness of all the slights and humiliations to which she had to submit, when she must run away from it all, for it was utterly unbearable.

One evening the Earl was more than usually disagreeable. Some friends were dining with them, and during dinner Lord Caravan began to speak of one of his acquaintances who had gone abroad for his honeymoon.

"Another added to the long list of victims," he said—"another name written on the scroll of folly. He was a man who had everything he desired, yet he got married—I want a word for such folly."

"Ulric," said Sir Raoul sharply—"pardon me—that is not the way a married man should speak."

"Pardon me," said the Earl laughingly, —"it is only a married man who can speak so. You outsiders know nothing of the matter. 'Distance lends enchantment,' you know."

Sir Raoul saw a crimson flush mount to Hildred's white brow. Suddenly the young Countess spoke. Her voice sounded pitilessly sweet, and was as clear as a bell.

"I quite agree with Lord Caravan," she said; "if there be one folly greater than all others, it is that which we call by the name of marriage."

There was dead silence for a minute; even Lord Caraven felt that he had gone too far—that he had spoken in an undignified, ungentlemanly fashion; then came Sir Raoul to the rescue.

"It is an old institution," he said; "we will not abuse it. Talking of abuse, has anyone read the *Saturday's* stinging review of Captain Hartlake's great military work?"

This changed the conversation, but that night, when the young Countess was about to retire, she went across the room to Sir Raoul, and her soft fingers closed over his.

"I want to say good night, and to thank you," she said. "I want to say also that you have been very kind, and that I feel sure you believe in what is good; so pray for me—pray for me—for I am frightened at myself."

He repeated the words after her, wondering at them. "Frightened at herself, poor child!"

There had been a terrible wrong done here. Who had done it? Was it the money-lending father who had sold his child for a coronet? Was it the spendthrift lord who had been willing to build up his credit again with the money-lender's money? On which of them lay the guilt of that loveless, luckless marriage? Then a new thought struck Sir Raoul. How had Hildred been induced to give her consent? She so refined, so true and so tender, so proud and so earnest, how had she been induced to consent? She must have believed in Ulric's love at some time or other, he told himself; otherwise she would never have married.

Pray for her, poor child! What deadly temptation lay in her path? He could guess. He could read dislike of her husband in her averted drooping eyes.

"I will help her," he thought. "In days gone by I have used my influence over my men to good purpose. I will use it now with her."

He set himself the task; but he had not much hope. The days of his sanguine faith had passed. Indifference and dislike between husband and wife were deadly foes to contend with.

Among the friends who came to see Sir Raoul was Lumley Atherstone, the famous artist—a genius who lived for art, who never saw the color of a flower, the shape of a leaf, the rosy clouds of sunset, the pearly tints of dawn, the beauty of a woman's face, or the grace of a human figure, without a thrill of joy, and a thanksgiving for the gift of discernment—an artist to whom everything was subservient to art, who estimated people only according to their powers of ideality, who was steeped in dreams of beauty—an artist who was also in some measure a man of fashion, whose least word in matters of taste was as law. No matter how the world praised a woman, if his decision was unfavorable no one ventured to call her a beauty; if he praised her, her reputation was made.

He was fastidious too in his art; no matter how wealthy the person who wished for a portrait—no matter whether she were Princess or Duchess—unless she would make a picture that would do credit to him, he would sternly refuse to paint it. He would have nothing to do with commonplace people or commonplace faces. What would have been impertinence in another was fastidiousness in him; and he was respected all the more for his plain speaking. When the wife of a wealthy merchant went to him and exhibited a face that indicated good nature and luxurious living, she was politely assured by the artist that he had more engagements for the next three years than he could possibly fulfil. If a Countess with shrewd crabbed features requested a sitting, he made the same excuse. It was useless—Lumley Atherstone worshipped beauty. Moreover, he loved beauty of mind as well as beauty of face. A noble soul had great attractions for him; that was why he liked Sir Raoul—the picturesque side of the soldier's character had struck him, and they were the greatest of friends.

He was sitting one morning talking to Sir Raoul, when Lady Caraven entered. He had not seen her before, and he at once admired her. Hildred had heard strange stories of the artist—of his fancies, his caprices, his genius—and she was delighted to meet him. She looked very lovely and *spirituelle*. She wore a dress of pale, pink muslin trimmed with white lace—the pale pretty pink set off the exquisite coloring of her face to the greatest advantage. The slender supple figure, rounded as Hebe's, with its perfect grace of movement, the lovely Southern face, the proud noble head with its crown of dark hair, filled him with wonder and delight. He did not say much to her because he was so deeply engaged in admiring her. When Hildred had spoken to Sir Raoul, and talked for a few minutes with the artist, she went away. With dreamy eyes, Lumley Atherstone looked after her.

"She is very beautiful, Sir Raoul," he said. "I have not seen such a face or figure since I left Italy."

"Lady Caraven is certainly a lovely woman," was the quiet reply.

The artist sat quite still, wrapped in a dream. Suddenly he turned to the soldier.

"Do you think," he said, "if I asked it as a great favor, that Lady Caraven would let me paint her portrait?"

"I cannot tell," answered Sir Raoul.

"I have just seen her—seen her in a low Venetian dress, with one white shoulder bare and a mantle of purple-and-gold round the other, a crown of red roses on her hair, and rubies round her throat."

"Seen her? Where?" asked the simple soldier, greatly perplexed.

"Here, Sir Raoul" said the artist, touching his temple, "here, where I see pictures so tantalizing and so beautiful that I cannot reproduce them. If she will but consent, I can make her and myself immortal. When may I ask her?"

"I do not understand much about the etiquette of such matters, but I should have thought it would be etiquette to speak first to Lord Caraven."

"To be sure—you are quite right; he might not like his wife's lovely face to be shown to the world. But in that case I should blame him; a man cannot help but be better after having seen such a face as that."

"I do not think he will refuse, but I should most certainly speak to him first."

The fact was Sir Raoul felt proud of the artist's great admiration, and he wished the Earl to hear how the most eminent painter of the day estimated the beauty which he ignored. Such praise would not have the same value coming from any one else; if he himself, for instance, uttered it, the Earl would laugh—coming from Lumley Atherstone, he would not dare to do so.

He told the artist that he believed Lord Caraven was even then in the house, and that if he pleased he would send for him.

The Earl came in, wondering what could have induced Lumley Atherstone to ask for him. The artist soon explained. Lord Caraven looked at him in wonder.

"You wish to paint Lady Caraven's portrait?" he said blankly. "But I thought you were rather particular, you know."

"I hope I am, my lord," was the cold reply. "No artist could have a fairer subject for the pencil than Lady Caraven."

"Well," said the Earl, in a tone of resignation, "I shall begin to think I am blind. All I can say is that, if Lady Caraven be willing, I shall have no objection."

"Thank you," responded the artist. "I shall hope to find time to call on the Countess to-morrow."

"I am much pleased you have given your consent, Ulric," said Sir Raoul; "I was wishing only yesterday that Lady Caraven had had her portrait painted. Mr. Atherstone's picture will be one of the finest in Ravensmere.

"If it reaches there," thought the Earl. "My opinion is that the whole world has gone mad together.

He was rather startled after all; it startled him to find the best judge of beauty in England speak in such rapturous terms about the Countess. It was a mistake of course; but the strange thing was to find an artist of such note mistaken—it did not often happen. He left Sir Raoul to break the news to his wife—he would not compliment her so highly.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A smiling June morning. Lord Caraven had, for a wonder, breakfasted with the Countess and Sir Raoul. They had been talking about their plans for the summer, when the Earl looked up with a good-tempered laugh.

"Do you know," he said, "that I am literally tired of hearing the constant repetition of titles? Raoul, you claim relationship with Lady Caraven, why not call her 'Hildred'? Hildred, why not give over your formal and ceremonious 'Sir,' and simply say 'Raoul'?"

"I shall be only too happy," said Sir Raoul, "if my dear and beautiful kinswoman will permit it."

Before the young Countess had time to answer Lord Caraven laughed again.

"What old-world notions you have, Raoul! Fancy talking about a 'dear and beautiful kinswoman!'"

"And why not, Ulric? It seems to me that the people im your set sneer at everything simple and noble. I repeat the expression—dear and beautiful kinswoman, have I your permission to lay aside your title and call you 'Hildred?'"

"Yes," she replied, "if you wish it, Sir Raoul."

"It must be on equal terms, then."

"If you wish it, Raoul," she said. Her face flushed, her dark eyes drooped, and her fingers played nervously with the diamond cross on her breast.

"That is better," said the Earl. "I have always felt compelled to be formal myself when I heard you. Hildred, have you written those letters of invitation?"

"Yes," she replied, giving him a number of envelopes. "What shall you do Lord Caraven, if they all say 'Yes?'"

"It will be so much the better," he replied. "But that is not probable; some always refuse. If they do accept, Ravensmere is large enough."

"I have some letters of my own to post with these," she said; and Sir Raoul saw, as she placed her letters in her husband's hands, how carefully she avoided touching him—so carefully indeed that two of the letters fell to the ground.

"My hand is not made of hot coals, Hildred," he cried impatiently; "you need not be afraid of touching it."

She made no reply, but, drawing back with a haughty gesture, quitted the room.

"That girl is as proud as Juno," said the Earl, for want of a better comparison.

"She has every right to be proud, Ulric," remarked Sir Raoul. "She is without her equal for goodness and beauty."

"She seems to think I shall kill her if I touch her," said the Earl bitterly. "She would rather lose the costliest jewel we have than touch my hand to lay it in it safely."

Sir Raoul made no reply.

"See," said the Earl, recovering his good-humor when he found he was not contradicted—"all these are invitations for Ravensmere."

Sir Raoul looked up in wonder.

"You are not like me, Ulric," he returned quietly. "I should have preferred Ravensmere and peace to the gaiety you will have with all these people."

"Would you?" laughed the Earl. "I tried Ravensmere and domestic felicity once, but shall never do so again—never again; it was too much for me."

"Ulric," said Sir Raoul hastily, "I think you are much to blame."

"We will not discuss the matter," returned the Earl; "that is one of the things in which I allow no interference and take no advice."

"I have none to offer," said Sir Raoul coldly; and they said no more upon the subject.

Meanwhile the artist had made great progress with his picture. It was a work of love with him. He came to Halby House at times, and sometimes, when Sir Raoul felt well enough to escort the Countess, they went to the studio. How it seemed to grow under his brush, that fair face—fair, pure, original, so exquisite in color, so dainty in bloom! When the painting was finished there was but one opinion—the portrait was simply a masterpiece of art, with its delicate beauty and rich coloring.

But every one made the same remark—the face was so sad, the dark shadowed eyes did not look as though they had ever smiled, they were full of strange sad dreams; the beautiful lips were sad, and looked as though they had never laughed in girlish fashion.

Sir Raoul pointed this out to the artist.

"I see it myself," he said, "and like it. It was the expression that I noticed on the face. In speaking it was bright and animated; in repose it was, for a young face, the saddest I had ever seen. I cannot understand it. Look, Sir Raoul, at the lovely curve of the lips; yet you would think it was the mouth of a grieving child. Look at the sad eyes. Do you know what I should like, Sir Raoul? I should like a companion picture to this, a picture painted in a few years' time, when the sun of happiness has arisen for this dear lady—it has not risen yet. I should like those two pictures to be side by side. I would call one 'Spring,' the other 'Summer.' And, Sir Raoul, do you know that I see a shadow on this face that I do not at all like—a shadow that I have seen on the face of those who die young? I have painted the portraits of some of the fairest girls and most beautiful women in Europe—I have never seen eyes so dark as these, with that peculiar expression in them, without feeling sure either of death in youth or that a story belonged to them."

Sir Raoul looked up in alarm.

"Do you think Lady Caraven delicate?" he asked.

"No, not exactly, though her face has brilliant, almost hectic coloring; but it is so sad. Youth should be bright, smiling, gay. When this shadow lies on a face, it is either because the sword of the angel of death is raised or because there is a story in the face."

The artist mused for a little while, and then he said to Sir Raoul—

"I have seen beautiful faces that I felt sure could never be happy ones. I have one in my mind as I speak, as lovely as a woman's face can be—but there is a tragedy in it. She to whom it belongs is a young girl now; but I prophesy that her life will end strangely. She has striking eyes and beautiful lips, but I can never picture them smiling happily. So," he continued, rousing himself from his musing, "there is something in this face of Lady Caraven's that interests me greatly—a strange story, yet untold."

That conversation made Sir Raoul unhappy. It might be all the artist's fancy or nonsense, or it might be a serious warning. He could not rest until he had repeated it to the Earl; it might be a warning to him, and make him more thoughtful about her. He did repeat it, and Lord Caraven looked up with an incredulous smile.

"The shadow of early death in her eyes!" he said. "Raoul, you are growing sentimental—I do not understand it."

In his simple soldierly fashion Sir Raoul repeated what the artist had said. The Earl laughed.

"It is wonderful," he said, "how foolish men of genius are. To me Lady Caraven looks as strong and as well as any one I know."

"But not happy, Ulric—not happy," repeated his kinsman; "and a young face should never be sad."

"I do not know that she has any particular cause for sadness," was the careless reply—"she has all that her heart desires."

"Except your love," said Sir Raoul, speaking more boldly than was his wont.

"And that," laughed the Earl, "she does not want. You must allow something for hereditary tendencies, Raoul. To Arley Ransome, I should imagine, the word 'love' is unknown, except perhaps in a brief for breach of promise."

"You pain me, Ulric, said Sir Raoul gravely—"no man should speak so of his wife."

"I am saying nothing against her," was the impatient reply; "I merely remark that I should not expect from the daughter of a man like Arley Ransome what I should expect, we will say, from the child of an artist or a poet."

Sir Raoul would not continue the conversation; but long afterwards, when the portrait, which was a gem of art, came home, he asked Lord Caraven to look at it

"See for yourself," he said, "the perfect contour of head and face, the beauty of eyes and lips; then see how utterly sad they are. One longs to see the lips smile and the eyes grow bright. I am not a man of many words, Ulric, but I should not like a wife of mine to have a face like that."

The Earl laughed lightly, but he did not quite like Sir Raoul's remarks. The portrait was hung up in the drawing-room. It did not remain there long; the Earl did not like to hear the comments upon it. One morning he said to Sir Raoul—

"This portrait of Hildred's is considered a very fine picture; I think I should like it to hang in the picture gallery at the Castle."

"Side by side with all the dead-and-gone Ladies Caraven?" replied Sir Raoul. "I do not blame you. To me there appears to be a quiet reproach in the face which it is not pleasant to see."

"There is no cause for reproach," said the Earl. "You seem to think that I deceived Hildred, Raoul. From first to last there has been no mention of love between us. It was a case of money *versus* title. We both have what we wanted; therefore no more need be said."

Sir Raoul, being a wise man, said no more just then.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Duels.

Many interesting stories are told concerning duels. The world has been ever full of men ready to fight for a fancied grievance at the drop of a hat; or, if they had no cause, then to make one. The nobleman who fought fourteen duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto, and on his death-bed admitted that he had never read either, was no more a cracked-brain than one of Washington's aids, who fought a general second in rank in the Revolutionary war, to prove that Washington was equal to the official position he held, and that, as a private gentleman, he was entitled to consideration and respect. La Fontaine once fought a duel with a captain whom he suspected of having designs upon his wife. The officer disarmed the poet, and, assuring him of the ridiculousness and falsehood of the rumors, said if he was the cause of so much trouble he would come to his house no more. The officer's conduct so pleased La Fontaine that he immediately declared that come he must, and if he did not he would surely fight him A French Count and a naval captain once fought under peculiar circumstances. The latter insisted on a naval duel, and proposed that they should seize each other and jump into the water. The count said he could not swim; the captain charged him with cowardice, and, rudely seizing him jumped into the sea. Both were rescued, but the captain's injuries were so severe that he died a few days after. Perhaps the most ridiculous story is that told of General Putnam, of Revolutionary wolf fame, known as "Old Put." During the French war he was challenged by an English officer. He proposed that each sit on a keg of powder, into the bung of which was lighted a fuse. After the fuse got well under way, and the same was uncomfortably near the hole, the officer ran. "Hold on, my friend; it's only onion seed!" cried the General. 'Tis to be hoped that honor was satisfied.

MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUES.—In entering a mosque you may keep on your hat, but must take off your shoes or cover them with socks or put on slippers, in commemoration of the divine command to Moses: "Take the shoes from off thy feet, for the ground on which thou standeth is holy." Slippers or sandals of straw are always provided at the entrance of the mosques, and must be paid for. Women are seldom seen in the mosques. The Koran does not command them to pray, and some Mohammedan philosophers doubt whether women have souls. Yet they are necessary for the sensual bliss of paradise, where the humblest believer is allowed 80,000 slaves and 72 wives, besides those he had in this life, if he chooses to keep them.

NEW METHOD OF "DUNNING."—A Virginia City, Nev., Chinaman tied his donkey by a rope to the front door knob of a man's house who owed him a dollar for firewood, and let the beast howl while he sat on the steps and waited. The besieged man capitulated in three hours.

FACETIÆ

—Sound o'sleep—A snore.

—"Cash down"—Gold at par.

—The Custom House—A tailor's shop.

—In writing the address of a banker, or a capitalist, be careful and not put it at the bottom of a check.

—Many men think it is in the best taste to slide over the fence, and sneak into the tavern the back way.

—A boast of strength is usually a confession of weakness. Model your conduct on the onion. Be strong in silence.

—It is no proof that Washington was a man of "quiet tastes" because at banquets his health is usually drunk standing, and in silence.

—There is no very great affinity between tailors and sculptors, but drinking statistics show much similarity between a "bust" and a "tear."

—Let a young man be as much of a utilitarian as is possible, he can very seldom see the use of the old folks in the parlor Sunday nights.

—We don't know what she meant, but as they were promenading to church Sunday night, at about the rate of three steps a minute, we heard her say, "Oh, your nose is so cold, don't."

—It depends on a good many things whether a man is a hero or not. But in the case of a drowning woman whom he has seized by the hair, it all hangs on whether her switch is false or not.

—Horace Greeley still stands in the memory of the nation as pointing to the west, and saying: "Young man go West." This is the reason, perhaps, so many want to go to West Point.

—One difference between Chicago bank presidents and the trees, is, that while these only leave in the spring, the others do so through the whole year whenever they get a first-class opportunity.

—Of course it is not right to judge, but a man can't help feeling himself called upon to decide whether the gas-meter, or the gas-man who examines it every three months, lies the most about the business.

—How skillful Job must have been to successfully navigate the world covered with boils, never strikes a fellow forcibly these days, until he is made superintendent of one on the back of his own neck.

—It is one of the most curious things that a man who would seem to have little household experience, can take the tightest cork out of a catsup bottle without a corkscrew, while a woman would be thinking about it.

—It was an old maid who, on somebody remarking that "Man proposes and God disposes," said she was in a terrible state of doubt concerning the whole proposition, on account of her inexperience about the first part of the statement.

—A remarkable mental difference between the Caucasian and Indian is, that the latter is not in the least disposed to analyze or investigate matters or events. Only give him the whisky, and he will not inquire whether it's made from molasses or old Rye.

—It has been necessary for more than one citizen to hastily get down the Bible and keep his eye fixed firmly on the command, "Thou shalt not kill," as he heard the earnest efforts of a persevering youth across the street trying to learn to play a cheap accordeon.

—A man was recently arrested in Atlanta, Ga., and when asked what he came there for, replied, "to open a hotel." On the trial, however, it came out that he had started in the business one night at a side window, and had a burglar's "jimmy" to aid him in the business.

—Some years ago a young man named William Ireland wrote several tragedies in imitation of Shakspeare's hand, and for a while successfully pretended they were unknown works of the great bard. He was eventually found out, however, and set down as a "counterfeit bill."

—The inexorable law of demand and supply obtains in things of inspiration and intellect as well as matters of trade. Who can estimate how many poetic souls have been prevented, this winter, from bursting forth into apostrophes to the "Beautiful Snow," by the mere fact of there not being any thus far to burst forth about!

—Promptness in action has made many a person's fortune. And for this very quality we defy any one to produce an individual more prompt, at sitting down, at least, than the man who has just carelessly stepped on a nicely polished coal-hole cover of a snowy day. Still, as a road to fortune, he would, no doubt, prefer a less expeditious route.

—Many people wonder why, when anyone hits on an overripe egg in dining at a restaurant, he generally exclaims, "Christopher Columbus!" It will not appear surprising, however, when it is remembered that the dispute concerning the discovery of America was settled by that gentleman finding an egg *strong* enough to stand on one end.

—One of the evils of this world is, that people have knowledge and intelligence, but will not use it. There are very few darkeys who cannot tell a hen from a rooster, but never, in their investigations into the standing and economy of a neighbor's chicken coop, do they think of waiting to decide what they are, but bundle all into the bag promiscuously.

—Do not judge hastily. Before making up you mind, fairly consider all the attending circumstances. If, however, you see a man in a white garment at an upstairs window engaged in desperately flinging hair brushes, bootjacks and other toilet articles at the back fence, you may consider him mad without any hesitation, and charge it to the cats.

—Fortune thrusts itself into the hands of some men to make themselves immortal by a single act. A few seize the opportunity, but more neglect it. Never was it given to any individual to so win the everlasting praise of mankind by the proper use of a little poison, as to the man who steered the recent cat show in this city; but he carelessly waived his chances, and sent everyone safe home.

—A man can be a sportsman, and yet show a gentle, loving heart towards the poor creatures he so relentlessly hunts. One day recently a down-town gunner, while out hunting, saw a little rabbit wet and almost frozen to death under a fence. He had not met with much luck, but he no sooner saw the timid, cowering beast than he put it under his coat, took it home and after dinner next day said it tasted so much the better from not having to waste powder and shot on it.

PLEURISY PAINS AND ALL ASTHMATIC OR BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS are soon relieved by that certain remedy for Coughs and Colds, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.

TO-MORROW.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

I.
What blessings have we not in store,
That will be here—to-morrow?
Of wealth and health, and love and lore,
All surely ours—to-morrow.

II.
The Winter's storms, that chill to-day
Will drift away—to-morrow.
And old King Sol's most cheering ray,
Will brighten each to-morrow!

III.
The phantom Fame and Fortune, too—
Will not elude—to-morrow;
The lover's lips that softly sue,
Will press our own—to-morrow.

IV.
The child that climbs our knee to-day,
A man may be—to-morrow;
The debt to-day, we cannot pay—
May cancelled be—to-morrow!

V.
The friends we love, who distant rove,
May homeward turn—to-morrow;
The thunder clouds, that loom above,
May rainbows greet—to-morrow!

VI.
The letter that we miss to-day,
The posts many bring—to-morrow;
The fate that sheds no cheering ray,
May lenient prove—to-morrow!

VII.
The weary head, so full of pain,
May rest in peace—to-morrow,
The buds that bloom along the lane,
May roses be—to-morrow!

HARD TIMES,
Or the Diamond Cross.

BY MRS. MOORE.

CHAPTER VI.

We go back to that dark, cheerless December night, when Mary and her mother were turned into the street, without knowing a single place where they could obtain shelter. At first they wandered on, meaninglessly, but the night was too cold for that. The mother's footsteps began to falter, and Mary, fearful that she would perish in the street, stopped the first passer-by with the question:

"Can you tell me of any asylum where I can get my mother a place? *I* can work for a living, if you will only give me work."

"Get out of my way. What are you blocking up my path for? I never give to street beggars;" and, pushing her rudely, the man kept on his way.

Mary's heart sank within her, but she made another effort. Two young men were passing.

"I am not a beggar, sir. Won't you please tell me if there is not an asylum where my mother can get shelter this cold night."

"To be sure there is," answered the man, laughing gaily; "over the river, at Blockley. That's the place for her; and as for you, pretty one," he continued, chucking her rudely under the chin, "if you weren't so cold I wouldn't mind taking you myself."

Laughing at the coarse jest, the two passed on.

Despite the cold, Mary's cheek now burned like fire. The brutal insult had sent the blood coursing through her veins, like molten lava. She grasped her mother by the arm, and, clinging together, they kept on their way.

"Mary, my poor child! indeed I cannot go any farther. Let me die here in the cold—it is better that I should;" and, staggering back, she sank down on the marble steps of a fair dwelling.

"Oh, mother! will no one help me?"

The light from a street lamp near flashed full in the face of a middle-aged gentleman who was passing. Mary saw his gray hair. She was quick to notice his benevolent expression, and called out:

"Oh, for pity's sake, sir, help my poor mother! I am afraid she is dying."

Mark Houston's noble, generous, heart needed no second appeal. He sprang to her side, and relieved Mary of her mother's weight. Her head sank back upon his arm, and the light of the street lamp fell full upon it.

"Good God! Mrs. Eaton, is this you? But no, it never could be;" and his eye fell down upon her habiliments of poverty.

At that voice she opened her eyes and looked up into his face. She grasped his hand, and her lips feebly murmured his name.

"Why, it is terrible!—this bitter cold night! Where do you live?"

"We have no home now," answered Mary. "We were turned out into the street to-night."

"Good heavens! you don't tell me so, child! Here, come at once to my house. We shall all perish in this cold."

"I cannot—I cannot do that. Take me to some asylum; it is all that I ask," answered Mrs. Eaton.

"No, no. That will never do. If you won't come home with me; there is a boarding-house close by, where you *shall* go."

"Indeed we cannot, sir," answered Mary. "We have not a cent in the world."

"So much the more reason why you should come with me, as I tell you. Come along. I am an obstinate man." And supporting Mrs. Eaton, he led her to the next street, and turning the corner, stopped at the first dwelling. It was a small, plain house. His ring was answered by a woman, in a widow's cap, and a mourning dress. He entered, without any ceremony into the little parlor, which was snug and warm.

"You asked me if I couldn't send you some boarders this morning, Mrs. Paxwell. See, I have brought you some already. Mrs. Eaton is a very old and dear friend of mine; but she has met with some sad reverses since I saw her last. I want you to give them your best rooms, and every comfort that your house affords." While he had been speaking, he had placed Mrs. Eaton in the easiest chair, and assisted her daughter in removing the bonnet, and the wrappings which she wore.

At this unlooked-for kindness, Mrs. Eaton wept like a child; and Mary looked like one in a dream.

"I cannot accept such favors from you," sobbed Mrs. Eaton, "favors that I shall never have the means of repaying."

"I am the one that is favored," answered Mr. Houston, "so if you please, we will talk no more about that. I am sure God led you across my path this night, to test me if I were a proper almoner of his bounty; and I have no idea of preparing myself to hear the mandate; 'Depart from me ye cursed, for inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.' No! I thank God that the privilege of alleviating your sufferings has fallen to *my* lot. It is the sweetest moment I have known for many a long day."

From that night Mrs. Eaton and her daughter knew no want. Mr. Houston, who constituted himself Mary's guardian, paid them daily visits; and every time seemed to part with reluctance from his fair young ward. That they might feel less dependent, he had settled an annuity upon them; and always stilled their expressions of gratitude, by saying that he was a steward of God.

On New Year's day, dressed with unusual care, Mark Houston started out upon his round of calls.

Mrs. Eaton's was the first stopping place. Mary was alone in the parlor, copying some law papers he had given her to do, to satisfy her desire of being useful to him. Talking of the necessities to which she and her mother had been reduced, she chanced to mention her interview with Miss Merton.

"An old friend of mine," said Mr. Houston. "Have you ever been there since her father's death?"

"No; I was going there once to explain about the shawl, but Mrs. Needles, through whom I got the sewing from Mrs. Merton, told me that Mr. Merton had died insolvent, and that his family had to move away. I was very sorry, for Miss Merton was a lovely girl, and she would have suffered almost as much as we did, if she had known how we wanted money. But it all turned out for the best, didn't it?"

Mary, of course, answered yes.

"I used to go frequently to Mr. Merton's: and one evening I told Carrie I was in love with her, and that I was going to inflict my presence upon her until I wore her out with my perseverance. Long ago, Mary, I determined to marry a young wife, when I should make up my mind to marry at all, for my heart is not so gray as my beard is, I assure you. Well, she laughed at me, and said I was old enough to be her grandfather. Would you do the same, Mary, if I were to tell you the same story?"

"I should tell you that you 'had better be off with the old love before you were on with the new,' and send you back to Miss Merton, who may have altered her mind by this time."

"And so have I altered mine. I had never seen *you* then. Miss Merton gave me my answer at once, and I forgave her frankness, because she did not keep me in suspense. Say, Mary, will you be an old man's darling, and give me the right to make my home, your own, and your mother's also?"

"I am afraid I am not fit," answered Mary, blushingly.

"Leave that to me to decide. Marry me out of gratitude, if you choose, but it shall be my fault if I have not taught you to love me before the year is over. Say, Mary, yes or no."

Mary glanced timidly up. He had always seemed to her so far above her; but now, with his head bending towards her, his expectant face looking down to hers, he seemed nearer and dearer than ever.

"Yes," she answered; and the next moment he held her to his heart, as all lovers in stories have a habit of doing.

It was noon when he left her, and then she went up to her mother. Mrs. Eaton, arrayed in a new black dress, and a becoming cap, sat reading by the fire.

"Have you finished your copying, Mary? Why, how tired you look. Your cheeks are burning red, and your hair is all tumbled. Hadn't you better get dressed? I expected Mr. Houston would have been here before this. Don't you think, Mary, that his frequent visits begin to look suspicious? I hope he isn't thinking of anything serious, for I couldn't listen to it—m yheart is buried in your poor, dear father's grave;" and, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, Mrs. Eaton sobbed audibly.

Mary stood looking on with rather a quizzical expression.

"I have been thinking, though, what an opportunity it would be. A mother ought to submit to many sacrifices for a child's sake—"

"No, no, dear mother, don't talk so," interrupted Mary, "you shall not sacrifice yourself for *I* will marry him."

"*You*, Mary! *you* child!" exclaimed her mother, dropping her handkerchief from her eyes. "Why, he would as soon think of marrying a baby. You are too young by a score of years."

"*He* does not think so, mother. He has been here all this morning, and it is arranged that we shall be married next month; and you are to go home with us, and keep house. Won't it be grand? I wonder he don't love you the best; I am sure I should have thought he would."

"And do you love him, Mary? or are you marrying him out of gratitude?"

"I am pretty sure I love him, mother; and if I don't, he says that he will teach me to, before the year is out. I never thought of such a thing as marrying him until to-day; but the happiest time I have known was when he was here; and I could listen to him talking to you, with now and then a few words to me. I never loved to hear any one talk half so well. I know I should not like thoughts of his marrying you, or any one else."

"Well, I'm sure I never mistrusted such a thing. I thought he was coming after me;" and she joined in Mary's laugh against herself.

There was much shopping to be done—many preparations to make, and Mary was as busy as a bee. It was on one of these excursions that she found the cross which Carrie had lost. She immediately advertised it; and upon the afternoon of the same day, as Mary was sitting in the back parlor there came a ring at the door, and a claimant for a diamond cross.

It was Carrie, and the room not being very light, and Mary dressed differently, she did not immediately recognize her, but at a glance, Mary said:

"Miss Merton! Am I not right?"

"Yes, that is my name; but I do not remember ever—oh, Mary, Mary, have I found you at last?" and the young girls embraced each other as heartily as if they had been the friends of years. "And you have such a comfortable home, while I have been having the worst fears for you. Oh, I am so glad; and I am glad I lost my cross, now, or else I should not have found you. Hasn't everything happened strangely? Won't you tell me all about it?"

They sat down on the sofa, side by side, Carrie listening to Mary's narration. When she came to the part Mark Houston had taken, she did not mention his name, but simply spoke of him as an old friend of her mother. Other than this, she kept nothing back which had occurred since she had seen her. She told her story so artlessly, and with such sweet simplicity of manner, that she entirely won Carrie's heart.

"And the wedding is to be strictly private, you say. Then I am going to be brides-maid—won't you let me?"

"I shall be delighted, and so will Mr. Hous——"

"Don't Mr. me," said Mark Houston, coming in on them without ringing; "what! you here, Miss Merton? What does this mean? You two girls are comparing notes, eh?"

"No indeed," answered Carrie, "we have had weightier matters to talk about. And so you are the knight-errant, after all! I did not mistrust it, for Mary had not told me the name. Well, I think a great deal more of you than I ever did before in my life; and come to look at you, you don't look so old—I declare you don't."

"A pretty respectable looking grandfather I'd make now, wouldn't I?"

Carrie laughed.

"Oh you need not laugh. I am very well satisfied, I assure you; and, nodding his head towards Mary, he added: "I have told *her* all about it. Didn't I hear something about a brides-maid, as I came through the hall?"

"Yes, I am going to be brides-maid," answered Carrie. "You shan't cheat me out of that. And, Mary, I will be honest to tell you that I don' think he ever cared a rush for me. You know every lady always says no the first time she is asked. Well, I never had an opportunity to say yes."

"Poor child!" said Mark, smoothing Mary's hair caressingly with his hand. "How sadly your education must have been neglected."

"How so?" said Carrie.

"Oh I know," answered Mary. "I know what he means," and despite the blushes which spread over her cheeks, she continued. "I answered 'yes,' the very first time he asked me; and *so I would if I had it to do over again.*"

Mark and Carrie laughed at her earnest manner; and Mark, by a pressure of her hand, conveyed to her the pleasure her frankness gave him.

They had such a long, merry chat that it was nearly dark when Carrie left.

She had been on the point of going off without the cross; but Mary who remembered it, went up and brought it down. It was the identical one, and in perfect condition; but the pretty velvet case was quite ruined by the heavy snow under which it had lain, and which, in thawing had saturated it through and through. The thaw had revealed its hiding place; and there, upon the verge of the water-sluice, Mary had picked it up, sheltered from carriage wheels by the curb-stone of the pavement.

Carrie's eyes sparkled with the joy she felt, as she bounded into her mother's room.

"It is unnecessary to ask you if you have got your cross, Carrie. I should think there were too many sad recollections connected with it, to give you such unqualified pleasure," said her mother.

"It isn't the cross, mamma, that makes me so happy. Guess what else I have found. Guess whose house I have been in."

"I am sure I do not know, my child."

"Well, it is Mary—our seamstress—Mary Paxwell. That's her name. I saw it on the door; and it's just the snuggest, dearest, little house that you ever entered; and she is going to be married; and to some one that you know, too. Now see if you can guess. Oh, you never could. I know you couldn't. It is Mark Houston, and I am going to be brides-maid;" and Carrie danced around the room like a school-girl. She stopped in the middle of a pirouette, and making a low courtesy to herself in the glass; she continued, "And it is very well, miss, that you didn't make a fool of yourself, by sending that touching effusion to Mark Houston, that you concocted in your brain. You may thank Mr. Eaton for that."

"Carrie!—Is the child crazy! Carrie, what do you mean!"

"Are you speaking to me, mamma?"

"Yes, why do you talk so, child! Come and tell me about Mary. Was it she who found the cross?"

"Yes, that's the best of it. That is the way I found her out. Precious old thing—it has some good after all. I mean to give it to Mary for a wedding present—I do indeed. Well now I'll tell you. She had a dreadful time, with that bad woman that they boarded with; for when the money wasn't sent, she abused them shamefully, got my shawl away from her for the rent, and turned them out of the house; and oh, I can't tell you half. Then, they walked ever so far; and when they were almost frozen, Mr. Houston found them, and, provided them with a comfortable home. I don't wonder that Mark Houston fell in love with her—I did myself. You can't think how pretty she is—dress does make such a difference. She looks so much younger now."

Mrs. Merton shared Carrie's pleasure, now that she fully comprehended its cause, and no longer wondered at her elation.

The middle of January, Mr. Eaton returned. Of course, he had been on the track of the wrong ones, and he came back quite disheartened.

This did not prevent him from making love in good earnest; indeed, Carrie's society seemed to be his only solace. Mrs. Merton had expressed a desire that they should know each other better before the day of their marriage should be fixed; and Mr. Eaton seemed quite anxious to give and to take every opportunity; for not only did he spend his mornings and evenings there, but frequently the entire day.

Consequently, Carrie had very little time to see Mary. She had not told them of her engagement, for she intended to surprise them on the morning of the wedding.

Carrie told Mr. Eaton of her romantic friendship for Mary; and he laughed at her enthusiastic description of the 'beautiful seamstress,' as he named her, and begged to see her.

"Indeed you shall not, until the very morning of the wedding; for I am afraid you would desert me, if you did. The last time I was there; she promised to tell me her history when I had time to hear it. I would have stayed then, but I knew you were here."

"Then, you love me the better of the two."

"Are you sure of it?"

"Quite sure; if you preferred coming home to see me, to staying with her and hearing her past history. Woman's curiosity you know. But what I am getting at is that if you do love me the better of the two, you would certainly do as much for me as you would for Mary, would you not?"

"I have not said that I did; but for the sake of the argument I admit it; what then?"

"If Mary asked a favor of you, that was in your power to grant, would you refuse her?"

"No, certainly I would not; and that reminds me, I wanted to consult you about—"

"Oh, never mind; excuse me for interrupting you; but I have no idea of being put off in that way. Well if you would only not deny her, can you have the heart to refuse me my request, when you know I am alone in the world?" and stealing his arm tenderly around her waist, he continued: "I wish to be married the same morning—you know it will save so much time if we all go to church together; and positively darling I think I should die of envy, if I were to witness a marriage ceremony, while my own was indefinitely put off. No, I could not live through it. I must see that good mother of yours, and throw myself upon her mercy—only tell me, dearest, that I have your consent so to do."

"Why, it would be impossible. I have not begun to get ready."

"That's nothing. It is much the best plan to get married first, and get ready afterwards. You can take your time then."

Carrie made no answer. With her head cast down, she was absorbed in the engrossing occupation of twirling her engagement ring round and round her finger.

"You are not afraid of me, Carrie! Do you not know me well enough yet, to trust me with your happiness?"

"I trusted you the first moment I saw you," she answered, looking straight in his face—her fine eyes full of love.

"If so, I shall not wait for any other scruples. I wish you would send your mother to me now; for I am unhappy and impatient until I know my answer." He arose and began to pace the floor. Carrie started to leave the apartment, and he followed her, overtaking her at the door.

"I would not seem inconsiderate of your wishes,', he said. Are you quite willing if your mother consents?"

He only heard the answer, as she darted away, and sent down her mother as desired.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE MAKING OF GLOVES.

Gloves were not worn by every man, woman or child in olden times, as at the present day. Kings and great men were the only ones privileged to color their hands by means of gloves ornamented with rings of gold; deprivation of a glove on certain occasions was considered a degradation. The idea of giving a glove as a contract is very ancient, and the act of throwing one as a challenge is supposed to be derived from this. In some parts of Europe it was the custom to take off one's glove when entering the stable of a great man. Presenting a pair of gloves for any favor rendered is a very old habit, and originated about 1245, and is practised up to the present day. Embroidered gloves were not made until 1580; a few years later Louis XIV. prohibited these or any other to be worn.

Gloves were and are still made of various materials, according to the country in which they are to be worn; in Russia and the northern parts of the world they are most generally lined with fur; but in other countries kid is the article that takes the place of all others. Queen Elizabeth had great fondness for perfumed gloves.

The finest kid gloves are made in France, the cheapest comes from England; they make use of dog, rat, and other skins. Generally one goat skin will yield two pairs of gloves.

Great skill is required for the cutting of the skins to the best advantage. Making a hole for the thumb requires the greatest skill, as the slightest deviation from the exact shape will cause a bad fit. The seams are sewed with perfect regularity by placing the edges to be united between the jaws of a vise, on which are fine brass teeth; through these the needle is made to pass. The glove sewers generally commence by placing the thumb, then sewing the long seam from the wrist to the end of the little finger. Upward of 3,000 stitches are necessary to put the pieces together and finish the glove. When they are finished they are placed for the second time between damp cloths, where they are beaten and rendered more soft and flexible. The glovers in France celebrate a day in honor to St. Ann, mother of the Virgin, she having according to the monks, been accustomed to knit gloves.

Excellent gloves are made in Italy, and especially at Naples; in Belgium, Sweden and Denmark. The chief branch carried on in this country is the manufacture of buckskin gloves.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

BLAME not before you examine the truth.

THE trial is not fair where affection is judge.

VOWS made in storms are forgotten in calms.

UNREASONABLE haste is the direct road to error.

CURIOSITY about trifles is a mark of a little mind.

HOWEVER little we have to do, let us do that little well.

THE weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself the wisest.

REMEMBER always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence.

YOU should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.

WORK for other people's vanity, not your own; that is the art of arts.

Do not eat cherries with your superiors, they will blind you with the stones.

LEARN not to judge too harshly of any one, either in respect to good or evil.

TIME is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

HE is not so good as he should be who does not strive to be better than he is.

No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself to be decidedly homely.

MANKIND worship success, but think too little of the means by which it is attained.

OCCASIONS of trouble and adversity do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

CALL to mind the heavier sufferings of others; so may you better bear your own small troubles.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

WHEN we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper; and in society, our tongues.

THERE is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

As time passes, memory silently records your deeds, which conscience will impressively read to you in after life.

SUCH as hear disobliging discourse, and repeat it again to the persons concerned, are much mistaken if they think to oblige them by such indiscreet confidences.

OUR customs and habits are like the ruts in roads. The wheels of life settle into them, and we jog along through the mire, because it is too much trouble to get out of them.

WHEN friends come to see you uninvited, do your best to entertain them, but make no apology or comment; it sounds to your guest like reproach for taking you unawares.

BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REES.

"In primus hominis est propria
Veri inquisitio atque investigatio."
CICERO.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth, is the first, the primary study of man."

S.

[CONTINUED.]

SOCK AND BUSKIN.

The buskin was a high-heeled boot used by the Roman and Greek actors to give elevation to the stature. Buskin is used in contradistinction to the sock, (*soccus*) the flat-soled shoe worn by comedians; hence, both terms came to be used to express the tragic and comic drama.

"The *soccus* was a slight kind of covering for the feet, whence the fashion and name of our socks are derived. The comedians wear these." —Kennett.—Roman Antiquities.

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on."—*Milton.*

"The buskin was a kind of high shoe worn upon the stage by the actors of tragedy in order to give them a more heroical elevation of stature." —Melmoth.

SOFT SHELL.

Governor Marcy, John Kryker, Horatio Seymour, and other Hunkers, through whose action in 1850, the two Democratic factions united, were termed "Soft shells."

"SO FAR SHALT THOU GO BUT NO FURTHER."

This oft repeated line is taken from the following passage in the Bible:

"Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed."—Job XXXVIII, 2.

SPAN NEW.

"This tale was nye *span newe* to beginne."
—Shakspeare.

This word is evidently from *spin*, as in the old rhyme:

"When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

Spick and span new mean new from the warehouse and the loom; from the Dutch *spick-spelder-niew*. In German they say *span new* or "*funken niewen*." *Spange* means anything shining, as *funken*, means to glitter or sparkle. In English we say—"Spick and span new"—"fire new," brand new.

Sir John Stoddart says, "Spick and span may possibly have been first applied to a lance new both in the *spike* (the pointed head) and in the *span* or handle."

SPITTING.

Spitting, according to Pliny, was superstitiously observed in averting witchcraft, and in giving a shrewder blow to an enemy. Hence seems to be derived the custom our bruisers have of spitting in their hands before they begin their unmanly barbarity.

Boys have a custom of spitting their faith, when required to make asservations in a matter of consequence. In combinations of the colliers in the north of England for the purpose of raising their wages, they are said to spit upon a stone together, by way of cementing their confederacy.

Addison says he has known "the shooting of a star to spoil a night's rest, and has seen a man in love grow pale, and loose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry thought. A screech owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers, and the voice of a cricket has struck more terror than the roaring of a lion."

SOUND ON THE GOOSE QUESTION.

This phrase is evidently an Americanism. But may it not have originated with the custom in Hungary, of the Jewish congregation of Presburg, on St. Martin's Day presenting a couple of geese to the King? This service being understood to be a compulsory token of allegiance. It was a question of power, and hence the Jews were *sound on the goose question*, by obeying a command or law which could only have emanated from one but a few degrees removed from a goose himself.

The Americanism is as follows: George Law, who, at one period in the existence of the Know-Nothing party, was supposed to aspire to the Presidency, had as his lieutenant an eminent tailor; and those who were supposed to support the views of the section of the party to which George Law and his chief adviser belonged, were sneeringly pronounced by their opponents "sound on the goose question," the allusion having reference to that important tool used in the tailoring business—the goose.

SPOONY.

This word, which means silly, stupid, owes its origin to the wooden spoon given at Cambridge to the man who took the lowest honor in that university.

SPREE.

This word is partly derived from the French *esprit*. That derivation, however, scarcely conveys its modern application. Halliwell's definition of the word is: "A merry fellow, full of frolic, one especially addicted to drinking, one who carouses, etc."

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY.

Otherwise termed "Popular Sovereignty," originated during the administration of Jas. Buchanan, and upon the principle of which Stephen A. Douglass was nominated in convention for President at the ensuing election. The sovereignty was affirmed by Mr. Douglass and his friends to be vested in the people of a territory, by which they may be permitted or inhibited in such territory—such action to be subordinate to the Dred-Scott decision and future action of the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Eli Thayer and his friends, who acted with the Republicans, held also to this power of territorial governments as inchoate States, but did not subscribe to the doctrines of the Dred-Scott decision. As many of the inhabitants of territories are "squatters," or temporary sojourners, the derivation of the epithet is evident.

SQUIRE.

Real esquires are of seven sorts: 1. Esquires of the king's body, whose number is limited to four. 2. The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons born during his lifetime. It would seem that, in the days of ancient warfare, the knight often undertook his military education, employing him meanwhile as his esquire. 3. The eldest sons of the youngest sons of peers of the realm. 4. Such as the king invests with the collar of SS, including the kings at arms, heralds, etc. The dignity of esquire was conferred by Henry IV., and his successors, by the investiture of the collar and the gift of a pair of silver spurs. Gower, the poet, was such an esquire by creation. 5. Esquires to the knights of the Bath, for life, and their eldest sons. 6. Sheriffs of counties, for life, coroners and justices of the peace, and gentlemen of the royal household, while they continue in their respective offices. 7. Barristers-at-law, doctors of divinity, law, and medicine, mayors of towns, and some others, are said to be of scutarial dignity, but not actual esquires. Supposing this enumeration to comprise all who are entitled to esquireship, it will be evident that thousands of persons styled esquires are not so in reality. It is a prevailing error that persons possessed of £300 a year in land are esquires, but an estate of £50,000 would not confer the dignity. Nothing but one or the other of the conditions above mentioned is sufficient.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—17TH MARCH.

The following reason is assigned for wearing the Shamrock on this day. When the Saint preached the gospel to the pagan Irish, he illustrated the doctrine of the Trinity by showing them a trefoil or three-leaved grass with one stock, which operating to their conviction, the Shamrock, which is a bundle of this grass, was ever afterward worn on the Saint's anniversary to commemorate the event.

ST. PAUL'S DAY.

This Saint was beheaded at Rome, A. D., 66, by order of his persecutor, the infamous Nero. The Festival of the Conversion was instituted very early. Pope Innocent III. ordered it to be kept as a holiday of obligation. In England mention is made of its being a solemn festival in the time of Henry III.

The Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, whatever the reason may be, has always been reckoned as particularly ominous of the future weather of the year. If the day were fine and clear there would be a year of plenty; if gloomy, it presaged the death of the cattle; if snow descended, there would be a scarcity of produce; if blusterous and windy it was with our forefathers a sure sign of war, hence the following:

"If St. Paul's day be fair and clear,
It doth forebode a fruitful year."

There is also the old Latin verse:

Clara dies *Pauli*, bona tempora denotat anni;
Si fuerint venti, denarrant prælia genti;
Si nix aut pluvia, perunt animalia quæque.

STARS—THEATRICAL ONES.

The word star has several implications. German, *Steuren*, to rule, to steer, may have given rise to the name given to eminent actors. "The star that rules the mimic world;" or, "stars of the first magnitude," etc. The glittering luminaries of the sky are called "stars" from their apparent perpetual motion or twinkling.

Garrick was considered a *star of the first class*. It was also said of Cook that "he was like a star, he shone so bright."

STAR CHAMBER.

Blackstone suggests that *Starr*, in our ancient records is a corruption of the Hebrew word, *shetar*, a covenant, and that this chamber was appointed for the registry, as spoken of in the following quotations:

"Into this Court of King's bench hath reverted all that was good and salutary of the jurisdiction of the court of *star chamber*, which was a court of very ancient original."

"The failure of the general register established by King Richard, the First, for the *starrs* or mortgages made to Jews in the *Capitula de Judeis*, of which Hoveden has preserved a copy."—*Blackstone.*

Smith, in his Commonwealth says: "They doe sit in a place which is called the *Starre Chamber* either because it is full of windowes or because at the first all the roofe thereof was decked with images of *starres* gilted."

STERLING—ORIGIN OF THE TERM AS APPLIED TO MONEY.

In the time of Richard I. money coined in the east of Germany came in special request in England, on account of its purity, and was called Easterling money—as all the inhabitants of those parts were called Easterlings; and soon after some of these people, skilled in coining, were sent for to London, to bring the coin to perfection—which was soon called *Sterling*, from Easterling.

STICK AT NOTHING.

This phrase, so popular in this country and conveying in the most emphatic manner an idea of grasping propensities, is evidently taken from a couplet in Dryden's Aurungzebe.

"The world is made for the bold, impious man,
Who *stops at nothing*, seizes all he can.

Pope in one of his letters says:

"The chief qualifications of party writers are to "stick at nothing," etc.

STILL AS A MOUSE—DERIVATION OF THE PHRASE.

Expressive of noiseless action. The Dutch phrase is evidently its origin: *Als stille als in mee hose*, i. e. as still as one in his stockings. It evidently does not mean mouse here, because we all know a mouse is anything but the emblem of stillness.

STIRRUP—DERIVATION OF.

It is evident from monuments of antiquity that the ancients rode without either saddles or stirrups, and when the latter first came into use by the Saxons, a rope or strap was applied for the purpose of mounting, and was termed a *stigh-rope*, from the Saxon word *stigan*, meaning to ascend. From this same verb *stigan*, we have *style*, a place to ascend.

STOCK EXCHANGE SLANG—ORIGIN OF.

A Bull is one who buys stocks on speculation, thinking they will rise, so that he can sell at a profit. It is to his interest to have stocks rise, and he will resort to every means to bring about the desired result.

A Bear is one who sells stocks on speculation, thinking they will fall, so that he can buy in for less money to fill his contracts. It is to his interest to break down the market, and he will resort to the most desperate means to accomplish his object.

A Corner is when the bears cannot buy or borrow the stocks to deliver in fulfilment of their contracts.

A Deposit is earnest money, lodged in the hands of a third party as a guarantee. "5 up," "10 up," etc., is the language expressive of a deposit.

Overloaded is when the bulls cannot take and pay for the stocks they have purchased.

Short is when a person or party sells stocks when they have none, and expects to buy or borrow them in time to deliver.

Long is when a person or party has a plentiful supply of stock.

A Flyer is to buy some stock with a view to selling it in a few days, and either make or lose as luck will have it.

A Wash is a pretended sale, by special agreement between the seller and buyer, for the purpose of getting a quotation reported.

STOCKINGS.

It is curious to trace the origin of the names of articles of dress, of words and of phrases. The word stocking derives its name from *stock*, which, by the way, has as many meanings as almost any other single word in the language. *Stocken*, a German word, meaning to fix, to stick, is probably the correct origin of its application to that useful ornament for the leg. Richardson's definition of stocking is, "because they stick to the leg." Again he says, equally learnedly, "*stocking*," for the leg, corruptly written for *stocken*, (i. e., stock, with the addition of the participle *en*) because it was *stuck* or made with sticking-pins, now called knitting-needles.

The presumption is that stockings were first made of silk, but at what period we are not able to say. Silk, wrought, was brought from Persia to Greece, 325 B. C.; from India 274 after Christ; known in Rome in Tiberius's time, when a law was passed forbidding men to debase themselves by wearing silk, fit only for women. This no doubt is the origin of the phrase, "silk stocking gentry." Silk stockings first worn by the French King 1548. Our friend Cato fixes the date 1547.

Howell informs us that in 1560 Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black knit silk stockings by her silk woman, Mrs. Montague. Henry VIII., that magnificent and experienced prince, wore, ordinarily, cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings (for Spain very early abounded in silk.) His son, Edward VI., was presented with a pair of Spanish silk stockings, by his merchant, Sir Thomas Graham, and the present was then much taken notice of. Consequently the invention of silk knit stockings came from Spain. Others, however, relate that William Rider, a London apprentice, seeing at the house of an Italian merchant a pair of knit worsted stockings from Mantua, from thence ingeniously made a pair like them, which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke, and were the first of the kind made in England, in 1564. The weaving of them was invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of Cambridge, in 1589. Woollen stockings of fancy colors were worn by the Dutch burgomasters on state occasions, and blue knit stockings by the working classes generally, about the year 1600. After that period they were brought into general use throughout the civilized world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ORPHANS.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

Mr. Somers kissed his sick wife good bye, as he hurried off one morning to his office, saying: "I am half an hour late, and I expect an early client." But he was scarcely gone before he returned again. He went immediately to his wife's chamber, carrying an open letter in his hand. "Bad news, Harrie," he exclaimed, as he came into her presence. "Sister Marie died suddenly last Thursday, and I must hasten off to Bellefont as fast as possible. It is exceedingly unfortunate that you cannot accompany me."

"Unfortunate, indeed," said the wife, with tears in her eyes. "Poor, dear Marie! What will become of her children now?"

"That is a question easily answered. You know the pay our Government allows an officer's widow expires at her death, and, consequently, the children have no means of support. They are without relatives too, except my family and an uncle on the father's side, who has entirely disappeared of late. Of course, I shall provide for them, but whether in our own house or not, depends entirely upon you my dear."

"Surely in our house, Philip. What else could we do? I will try to be a mother to the poor little things."

"God bless you for saying so, Harrie; then we will be the parents of four children instead of two. Do I understand you right? Will it not be so, wife?"

"I could never supply the careful Marie's place, but they shall find a mother in me, rest assured, Philip."

"You have removed a heavy load from my heart, my dear, and now I must be off."

"Will you not take Katie or Russell with you?"

"No. Either of them would be a trouble to me. I will go alone."

The carriage was at the door to convey him to the depot. A fortnight later found him at home again, and with him the little orphans, Sara and Fritz, twin children of his widowed sister, Mrs. Capt. Ogden. Thus it happened that these little ones were domiciled under their rich uncle's roof. The sad countenances of the children, together with the pitiful sight of their mourning dresses, created a deep feeling of commiseration in the heart of Mrs. Somers, and she loaded them with caresses. Katie and Russell, too, pleased with the novelty of having new companions, were so amiable and kind to their bereaved cousins, that the tears, so ready to start in the eyes of the twins at the remembrance of the recent death of their mother, were soon dried in the sunshine of this new home.

The contrast in character of the children thus brought together, was as great as the difference in their early home discipline. Mrs. Ogden was a lady of accurate understanding. With a benevolent heart and steady temper, she was peculiarly fitted for the training of her children, and she had early taught them habits of industry, as well as of care and forethought. Knowing they would be left, at her death, dependent on her brother, who had promised her to adopt them into his family, should such an event occur, she was anxious that Fritz should feel a wish to acquire an early independence; and, looking forward to that end, she had taught him that a rigid adherence to habits of economy and industry would surely lead him to success. Fritz was of an active, enterprising disposition, amiable, good-tempered, and fond of study, while Sara was of a contented, unaspiring, temperate character, and was indefatigable in the conscientious discharge of all the duties required of her.

Russell and Katie were so unfortunate as to possess a fashionable mother, who was better pleased to see her children excel in music, dancing and other light accomplishments, than to see them bestow their time and attention on more useful studies. In consequence of this they were far behind other children of the same age in their standing at school.

* * * * * *

Two years had passed since Fritz and Sara had been inmates of their uncle's house. For a time their life was a happy one. They were sent to school and treated in all respects as the other children. Then there came a gradual falling off. Mrs. Somers began to tire of the increased care and expense entailed on her by this addition to her family. Besides, Sara was gaining rapidly in beauty and promised to eclipse Katie in a short time. This was an injury Mrs. Somers could not forgive.

Katie and Russell, taking the cue from their mother, were sometimes rude and even violent in their deportment towards their cousins, at which Fritz and Sara only looked at them with wide-opened eyes, not understanding how it could be that their demeanor had changed so much.

Mr. Somers, having full confidence in his wife's former promises, believed that all was well with the children. He saw them about the house, sometimes hailed them with a merry greeting, or gave them a friendly tap on the head, and that was all the intercourse that he held with them. What more could be asked of him? He treated his own children in the same manner.

* * * * * * *

The evening of the 25th of May brought happiness to all the young hearts in Carrolton, for the large drawing-room at the dwelling of Captain Dale was filled with as merry a crowd of lovely children, boys and girls, as the eye need wish to rest on. It was the anniversary of Lucie Dale's birthday, and the party was given to celebrate it; that blushing fairy having just attained the advanced age of fourteen years.

While most of the guests were engaged in dancing, a group of boys stood in a bay-window, engaged in conversation.

"Our Katie looks splendid," said Russell Somers. "Her dress is the handsomest in the room. Mamma had it made on purpose for to-night, and I can tell you, boys, it cost a big sum of money. What do you think of her, Charley?"

"Katie's a nice enough looking girl at any time," answered Charley Brooks; "but look at my sister Bess. By gracious! mother said she would look better in her plain muslin and pink roses than any of the girls, and she was right. Little Bess is a regular beauty."

"That's just as people think," remarked Russell, with a sneer, feeling indignant that Charley Brooks dare make such an assertion to him.

"Look at Sara Ogden!" said George Willing. "She is the very prettiest girl in the room."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Russell. "You should not choose for me, Georgey, my boy."

"Well," continued George, "you may laugh as much as you please, but I tell you she is a gem that needs no setting, and that no girl in the room can come up to her for beauty."

Fritz, standing near, heard his sister's name repeated, followed by Russell's loud laughter, and, stepping quickly up to the boys, said:

"Sara is just the loveliest sister any boy ever had, if her dress is only pink gingham. She don't care what she wears, and is as happy as if she was arrayed in all the finery in the room. Don't talk about her, boys, I don't like to hear you."

"Then walk off, Mr. Impudence," Russel replied. "Who do you think cares about your sister. She looks as if she had borrowed her dress from the chambermaid, and the kitchen girl had helped her put it on."

Fritz was no coward, but, although so much provoked, was too well bred to quarrel. Shutting his teeth hard to avoid saying angry words, he turned away quickly; for his wounded feelings brought tears into his eyes.

"That was wickedly cruel, Russell," said John Trevor. "I thought those children were your cousins?"

"So they are," answered the boy; "Pa took them out of charity when their mother died, who was very poor; and I tell you it is a bore to have them always about the house. Sara makes me sick with her piety, and as to Fritz, he is as conceited a dog as ever lived. It is a miserable thing to have poor relations."

These sentiments did not seem to find a ready echo in the heart's of Russells companions, and as the dancing had ceased, and the children were crowding around the piano, they walked away and left him.

"There goes that cousin of mine again," thought Russell, as he heard Sara singing so sweetly that all the young guests were flocking around her. "She has a pretty good voice, it is true," he muttered to himself. "If I was papa, I'd educate her for a music-teacher, and send her off to get her living. I'll suggest it to mamma in the morning."

When Fritz returned home, the bitter words of Russell were still ringing in his ears. He rushed up-stairs, along the third story entry to a little room at its extreme end, which he called his own, and seated himself on a chair by the window. As he looked up to the blue, starry sky, he wondered why God in his mercy had not taken Sara and himself to heaven when their father and mother died, instead of leaving them dependent on their proud, rich uncle, who looked upon them with such utter indifference and did not love them at all.

The next morning, Fritz and Sara rose early to prepare their lessons for school, and were off at the usual time. Mrs. Somers thought Katie and Russell must rest, after the fatigue of dancing. Their breakfasts were sent to them in bed, and they did not make their appearance until the dinner-hour.

"My poor children are not so strong as their country cousins," Mrs. Somers remarked to a lady caller. "Fritz and Sara can bear any amount of fatigue, and in a very short time be as bright as ever."

The rude manner in which Fritz had been treated by Russell in the presence of their comrades could not be easily forgotten. "What a terrible thing it is," thought the boy, "that my darling sister must be subjected to such indignities, because of our poverty. Well, then, this misfortune must be removed, and there is no one to do it but me." He knew he was too young to throw aside the protection of his uncle, with his education still unfinished. No, that would be premature, and he must do nothing rashly. What if he tried to make some money in the hours given him for play. The idea struck him as practicable. If he could only manage to accumulate a small sum for his sister's occasional use, he would feel better satisfied. He would really be the gainer by his exertions, too, because he would become accustomed to labor, and the discipline would be a great help to him in the years to come.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AMERICAN WOMEN.—The foe of American social life is in the tendency to luxury and effeminacy among the well-to-do young women of our American cities and large towns. They do not realize how this dreadful mania for expensive pleasures and a life of alternate idleness and amusement, is destroying their health, abolishing true marriage, feeding the flames of gross sensuality and intemperance among young men, and saddening the hopes of the best parents of the land. Some of them never will know it in this world. But most of them have no real purpose to waste their lives in this wretched way. And it is a high crime in mothers, teachers, ministers of religion and the public press to pander to this insanity. Thousands of good-hearted young girls are sacrificed every year, when a little wise and prudent guidance would save them. But we feel that they should be told that unless they change this life they will pass away like the flowers of June, and a more hardy and resolute class occupy their places. American society will shed every class of triflers, male or female, that does not do its work, as the forests shed their withered leaves. Let them wake from their dream of social indulgence; learn to live out of doors; to build up their health; to cultivate more simple taste in dress, and more moderation in pleasure; study domestic economy; study social skill and tact; fit themselves for the noblest positions ever yet offered to their sex, and learn that woman is the soul of American life, not the tinsel on its garments.

AN ENGLISH NEW YEAR CUSTOM.—A custom prevailing in Pembrokeshire, Eng., on New Year's morning is quaint and interesting. As soon as it is light, children of the peasantry hasten to provide a small cup of pure spring-water, just from the well, and go about sprinkling the faces of those they meet, with the aid of a sprig of evergreen. At the same time they sing the following verses:

"Here we bring new water from the well so clear,
For to worship God with, this happy new year;
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water and the wine,
With seven bright gold wires, and bugles that do shine;
Sing reign of fair maid, with gold upon her toe;
Open you the west door and let the old year go;
Sing reign of fair maid, with gold upon her chin;
Open you the east door and let the new year in!"

—The latest baby show fizzle occurred in St. Louis.

FEMININITIES.

London has over 58,460 milliners and dressmakers.

Where should a lady go for a husband? To a gentleman's furnishing store, of course.

A negro kissed a white girl in Columbia, South Carolina, and she shot him through the heart.

"Talking to her husband in a loud tone of voice" is punished by sending a Persian wife to jail for thirty days.

A young woman has begun the study of architecture in Syracuse, N. Y., University. She is the first of her sex to do so.

In reply to the question as to the number of lecture bureaus in the country: "There is a lecture bureau in every man's house. Terms mostly free.

All the female teachers in a school district in England lately threatened to resign if an order prohibiting cooperoal punishment were not rescinded.

A Vermont judge sentenced and fined a young lady in that State for receiving stolen kisses, on the principle that "the partaker is as bad as the thief."

An old bachelor says Eve was a true woman. She never would have got into trouble if it wasn't for the satisfaction of getting somebody else in the same fix.

At a recent fashionable wedding in New York the bride was presented with a bouquet of 300 flowers, each flower of a different variety, and the present of a friend.

Miss Ida M. Wood, of Jacksonville, Ill., is the twenty-fourth woman in Illinois to be commissioned as notary public, twelve of the twenty-four being residents of Chicago.

The Leipsic police are making war on ladies trains in the street. Notice has been given through the newspapers than a person whose dress is found trailing on the sidewalk will be fined.

The difference between noted men and noted women is said to be that the men always like to see themselves in print, and that the women prefer to see themselves in silks and velvets.

She who travels through life afoot and alone for forty years, may often yearn for a manly breast to lay her head against, but her hands are free from callous places and broken nails, caused by pulling off her husband's boots.

The judge of a county court in New England declared a few days ago that there is more perjury committed in his court by women—ten times over—than by men, and added: "They don't seem to care what they swear."

For a good fatherly government commend us to that of Berlin. An order has just been issued forbidding actresses from appearing on the stage with their hair covering their foreheads according to the fashion. Two ladies who disobeyed the order were severely punished.

When it was announced in Colorado, the morning after the recent election, that female suffrage had been defeated, every married man in the State stood up before his wife and swore an awful oath, as round and strong as Limburger cheese, that he had voted for the amendment; but as their protestations and the votes in the affirmative don't agree, their wives are as yet undecided whether to keep them under the bed a few days longer, or bring 'em out and contest the election.

ANTIQUITY OF SHOEMAKING.—The Shoemaker is a relic of antiquity, and lived and had his being as early as the twelfth century. He was accustomed to hawk his goods, and it is conjectured that there was a separate trade for annexing the soles. The Romans in classical times wore cork soles in their shoes, to secure their feet from water, especially in winter, and as high heels were not then introduced, the Roman ladies who wished to appear taller, put plenty of cork under them. The streets of Rome in the time of Domitian were blocked up by cobblers' stalls, which he, therefore, caused to be removed. In the middle ages the shoes were cleaned by washing with a sponge. Soap and grease were the substitutes for blacking. Buckles were worn on the shoes in the fourteenth century. In Ireland a human skeleton was found with marks of buckles on the shoes. In England they became fashionable many years before the reign of Queen Mary. The laboring classes wore them of copper. Other persons had them of silver or copper gilt. Not long after buckles roses came. Buckles revived before the revolution in 1789, and finally became extinct before the eighteenth century.

THE MUSIC OF A BABY'S CRY.—A notable incident occurred at Downieville, Cal, on the 4th of July, 1850. The town so prospered in gold mining that it rejoiced in the possession of a hugh barn theatre. On this patriotic occasion it was filled. A brass band was in attendance. Just before the services began there was heard the gentle wailing of an infant, its notes finally swelling to a grand symphony of baby music. The audience was hushed to profound silence. It was the only baby in the diggings. You could not hear a pin drop but you could hear the timid mother's gentle efforts to smother the starving infant with her soft whisperings. It was no use, the baby bawled more lustily. The brass band struck up its harsh discord when there uprose from the audience a strong-bearded miner who, in stentorian voice, shouted out: "Dry up your cursed music and give the baby a chance." The sentiment found echo in the vast audience of men whose memories of home and loved ones were for the first time in California stirred by a baby's cry—loud shouts drowned the music, frightened the nursling, and the audience enjoyed the full luxury of a baby's cry.

PORTUGUESE COURTSHIP.—The young men of Portugal have one occupation more important than wearing tight boots, and which almost, in fact, goes with it—that of making the very mildest form of love known amongst men. The young gentlemen pay their addresses by simply standing in front of the house occupied by the object of their affections, while the young person in question looks down approvingly from an upper window, and there the matter ends. They are not within speaking distance, and have to content themselves with expressive glances and dumb show, for it would be thought highly unbecoming for the young lady to allow a *billet-doux* to flutter down into the street, while the laws of gravitation stand in the way of the upward flight of such a document, unweighted, at least, with a stone, and this, of course, might risk giving the young lady a black eye, or breaking her father's window-panes. So the lovers there remain, often for hours, feeling no doubt very happy, but looking unutterably foolish. These silent courtships sometimes continue for very long periods, before the lover can ask the fatal question or the lady return the final answer.

DELIGHTS OF DOG SLEDGING

A correspondent writing from Manitoba, B. A., of the pleasures of dog sledging, says: Suppose, for example, that you have a belligerent animal in your train that misses no opportunity of counter-marching suddenly in his harness and prostrating the unoffending lead dog next to him; the attack being made with so much vigor and suddenness that the victim instantly capitulates and "turns a turtle" in his traces. This unlooked-for assault is further accompanied by a flank movement on the part of the "foregoer," who, whenever there is anything in the shape of fighting going on, is sure to have a tooth on his own account, never being very particular whether he attacks the head of the rear dog or the tail of his friend in front. All this leads to fearful confusion in the train. The dogs jump on one another; they tangle traces and back bands and collar straps into knots and interlacing that baffle your cold fingers to unravel. Very frequently they roll themselves into one huge ball, rolling each other in the snow until they look like one hydra-headed dog, with countless legs and unnumbered tails. Under all these provocations, what are you to do? You climb out of your sledge and try the whip, only to find out that its rapid application makes things infinitely worse, —worse by suggesting the idea to them that they are being badly bitten by an unknown belligerent. Nevertheless, you whip and whip until, tired out to no purpose, you hire some one else to continue the process, after which you sit down in the snow with a misty impression that no language can do justice to the subject, until, in a moment of frenzy you follow the example of the poet of Perth, who "stoode in a middle of ;a roode and swoore at large." As though by magic, the dogs cease fighting at the familiar sound, and tug away at their collars in peaceful tranquility, and the only true secret of dog driving is learned.

To become a thorough expert in dog driving a man should be able to imprecate freely and with considerable variety in at least three different languages. No one tongue affords expletives enough to do the subject justice. The Indian tongues are probably the poorest ones employed in dog driving, owing to their poverty of expressive adjectives. "Nichastrin" is the nearest approach to profanity in the Creek tongue, and means, simply, bad dog. English affords a larger vocabulary, and answers the purpose tolerably well; but whatever number of tongues the driver may speak, one is absolutely essential to success in the art, and that is French. Curses seem useful adjuncts in any language, but curses delivered in French will get a dog through and over everything.

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep. Indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathize. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

OUR readers who may want to learn about the Far West are referred to the advertisement of the Kansas Farmer, an old established and popular journal in the West. It is published at the Capital of the State.

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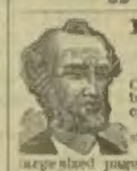

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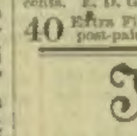

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What do you love me for? Tell me now;
Beauty of figure, whiteness of brow,
Dimples of eyelashes, mouth, cheek or chin?
Answer! you've only to lose or to win—
Neither will trouble the universe. Haste
And tell me really
You love me sincerely,
Or if it is only a matter of taste.

Loveliest figures shrivel with years.
Dimples will merge into wrinkles and tears,
The gems by which every child of earth
Is dowered and crowned at the hour of birth
Dim in the brightest eyes. Now tell
Whether the creature
With perishing feature,
Or simply the spirit you love so well?

"The spirit," you whisper. Well, here is a test,
To prove whether body or soul be loved best:
If I were ugly and old and gray,
With the self-same soul in another clay,
Would love be faithful? Stammering low,
You make no answer.
I will and can, sir.
One word for both of us; that is—No!

PHANTOMS,

OR A NIGHT MYSTERY.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

I.

It was a fearfully bleak and dismal night at the close of the winter, a sleety, snowy, howling night in February. The wailing of the wind was terrible to hear. There was at times an awful moaning, a sepulchral voicing from the upper deeps of air, a cry of lamentation above the housetops of the city, an utterance of despair, freezing the souls of the desolate and forsaken with its horrible import. It was just such a night when the hurly-burly of the tempest without renders indoor quietude so acceptable. In this sanctuary of home, with its cosy comfort, its pleasance and warmth, the awful, fearful evil things of night have no place. Without—there is a desolation, a desert tempest racked, a midnight full of all woeful shapes, a great conspiring element, a vengeful genii of darkness lurking to devour humanity. There is discomfort, selfishness, dishonor, and the slime of the miserable streets out of doors. Within—here is the oasis, the light, the music, the wine for the soul, friends, books, pictures, happy thoughts, love and sweet words, or if solitude, but a companionship of the happiest thoughts and pleasantest dreamings, the presence of a rosy fireside that summons cheerful musing.

There had been a small soiree at Clayborne's and a few of the guests, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, gathered around the broad table to participate in a favorite game of cards.

Miranda Clayborne, an intelligent and beautiful young woman, was the most conspicuous figure in this group. She was the only child and was now sole mistress of the Clayborne domain, having been left in charge of the house in the absence of her parents, who were on a visit to a distant city. At first the terrible loneliness of her situation began to prey upon her usually cheerful spirits; so she wrote to her cousin Esther Maddock to come and stay with her until her parents' return. Esther came in good season, and brought with her her brother Henry, a fine young man fresh from college.

"My dear Mirry!" were the first words of Esther, "it is terrible to think of you being all alone in this huge house with no one except two servants! You poor dear! No wonder you were so lonely!"

"I had company though last Wednesday!"

"Who?"

"Guess!"

"How can I, Mirry? Mr. Osborn."

"Guess again!"

"Mr. Schaff!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Esther, blushing intensely and trying to look indifferent.

"What! Louis?" asked Henry.

"Of course, Louis himself," said Miranda.

"A good fellow!" said Henry. "How I would like to see him. I haven't met him for some time. He's a queer genius—but a true gentleman for all!"

"A very fine man!" answered Miranda—"but I can't say I like him! He is so full of strange ideas, curious beliefs, and outlandish notions. He's a spiritualist, medium, and what not? He swears by all humbugs! On Wednesday evening he entertained me with a long account of his adventures in search of ghosts—and I really laughed outright. Yet he is a clever man—clever as can be, and so handsome!"

"He's sure of one friend, Mirry—as long as he knows you!" laughed Esther.

"This isn't progressing!" said Henry. "Our game is suffering, I think; whose play is it now?"

"Mine!" answered Esther—"but listen! Wasn't that the door bell?"

"I heard nothing!" said Miranda.

"But I did!" answered Esther, laying down her cards. "And what I heard sounded like a bell!"

"At this time of night?" interrogated Miranda.

"Some beggar!" muttered Henry, busying himself with the cards.

At that moment there came a slow step on the stairs, and the door opened, and there stood the veritable Mr. Louis Schaff himself!

A slight "oh!" from Esther—sounding more like a faint scream.

"Talk of the ——," began Henry, as he ran across the room to welcome the new comer.

Miranda with a start and an anxious face interrupted with:

"Why Louis! Mr. Schaff! what is the matter? Are you ill? Speak!"

In fact Mr. Schaff presented no very pleasant appearance at that time. His face was pale, his garments disordered, and he was covered from head to foot with mud and snow! He sank into a chair, and, when his quick panting allowed him to speak, he gasped forth:

"Nothing; nothing! I slipped on the ice! that's all! Ha! ha! ha! you should have seen me!"

"But you look so pale and nervous! What has happened?"

A shiver passed through him, as he answered slowly:

"I have been a little scared!"

"By what?"

"Where?"

"By whom?"

"Tell us?"

A confusion of questions.

"I will tell you!" panted Mr. Schaff. I am a little bit shaky—nervous, that's all! The fact is I'm a little superstitious!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the others, while Miranda exclaimed:

"True enough, Lou is! and I can imagine very easily what has alarmed you! Some fancied bugaboo of yours, of course!"

"Not a bit of it!" he answered, solemnly, "I'm not the man to be shaken by trifles! I was startled, that was all! So never mind how, when or where. Go on with your game, folks!"

"But we want to hear your adventure, Lou," said Henry, with a smile, as he looked into Mr. Schaff's face. "You promised to tell us, so go on!"

"Oh! pshaw! I tell you it's nothing. I was a fool—scared by a shadow, bah!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Miranda, "he's afraid of the dark, isn't he? Poor little fellow!"

At this a general laugh, in which Schaff did not join, but sat with an exceedingly pale face and demure countenance, and appearing altogether ill at ease.

He frowned slightly, as he turned to Miranda and returned:

"I am in earnest!"

"Nonsense!"

"Well, well! have it so then." Then, after a brief interval of silence:

"You know the old church-yard up the street!"

"Yes."

"It's as dark as Cimmeria there, you know! Not a street lamp for a mile; not a policeman; a hateful neighborhood!"

"Well, go on with your story, Louis."

"I will! Henry, lend me a pair of slippers, and I will toast my feet on the grate, and then I will make your hair s'and on end!"

Then Louis, having been made comfortable, drew up to the cosy fire-place, and, with earnest, serious expression, turning to the company, said, in a voice that made them smile, it was so lugubrious:

"Listen!"

"I had attended a little party at Osborn's," began Louis, "and hearing from Mrs. Osborn, that Miss Maddock and her brother were at Clayborne's, after the company had dissolved, I ran over here to shake hands and say a word or two." Here Louis consulted his watch with a grave expression of countenance, and, showing it to the others, exclaimed, "That was just half an hour ago. See, it's now twelve o'clock!"

"Twelve o'clock!" echoed an ejaculatory chorus, as they looked at the dial.

"Well, go on!" cried Miranda, "we are deeply interested!"

"Well," continued Louis, "I ran, or rather slid, up Flynn street, till I came to the corner of Broad, where the church-yard stands. It was then blowing furiously, and it was as much as I could do to steady myself against the powerful wind. When I reached the corner, the gale in fact nearly turned me round and around, and all of a sudden there came a swift whiff of the hurricane, and off went my hat, whirling and spinning into the darkest part of that horribly dark place, and I after it, stumbling in every direction. Well, at last I hit upon it, where it had been blown straight against the railing of the church-yard, and I made a decidedly emphatic grasp, as I clutched it, and pulled it down over my ears. It was at that very instant that, happening to give a glance inside the cemetery, I saw quite distinctly what I took to be a strange-looking face, which, for a moment, paralyzed me. When I looked again it was gone! I shuddered and shut my eyes, and blindly struck out, to run down here, but I found I was going just the other way. Then it was that I changed my tack, and was on the point of speeding here as fast as I was able, when I suddenly slipped and fell with a splash into the dirtiest, blackest, coldest, nastiest part of the black street."

Here Esther made a slight exclamation of pity, and Miranda looked compassionate, but Henry could hardly control his laughter. Louis paid no attention to any of them, but went on seriously with his narration.

"I tell you, I felt for the moment utterly disgusted, and, indeed, feared at first that I had either broken my limbs, or, at least, sprained an ankle, but I discovered that this, fortunately, was not the case. I gathered myself up, and once more tried my luck, and happily this time I was able to limp feebly down the street, and gain the cosy fireside where, thanks to your kindness and warm cheer, I am happily restored, and am beginning to feel less nervous and chilly."

"An adventure, indeed!" said Miranda. "But what in the world do you suppose the phantom you saw was?"

"What?" answered Louis, as he turned to Miranda, with an emphatic ardor of speech. "What? That is what I want to know! But I am very fain to believe that the apparition was something supernatural! It thrilled me! It paralyzed me for the moment, and actually bewildered me so completely that I was hardly able to think about the thing at all! I merely saw, as I told you, this horrible, vague, queer face, which vanished into the darkness instantly afterward! You may conjecture that it might have been a wandering sexton, a drunken loafer, or any other human nuisance; but I am sure nobody would desire to lounge or retire for the night in that gloomy, wretched old church-yard; and especially on such a night as this! Why, hark at the storm! Whew, hear it whistle! Sleet and snow! How thankful I am that I am ensconced by this glowing fireplace instead of beating my way up there in the dark, dead against the gale!"

Louis really shuddered as he spoke, and instinctively drew his chair closer to the grate. It was skeptical Henry's turn now to speak, so, with a merry face, he opened on Louis:

"My dear boy, we haven't the least doubt that the affair you saw was an actual Simon Pure ghost—mind that; and we also believe that only you, out of a legion of others, were the party privileged to behold it! You have converted us to your doctrines, old fellow, so dry up—I mean dry your saturated self before this blaze, and please don't frighten us any more!"

"As you wish," returned Louis, staring into the fire, moodily; "have your own way."

"Well, well!" said Miranda, "I am sure that poor Louis deserves all our commiseration, not our ridicule, if he believes he saw a ghost."

"Which I deny," blurted out Louis. "I never meant that the appearance was a ghost! I say I don't know what it was! It may have been a spectre—it may have been nothing more than a forlorn mortal. At any rate, I was frightened?"

"No wonder," said Esther, as she regarded Louis with an expression which, had Mr. Schaff beheld it, he would have been highly flattered, for there was more than admiration in the tender, pitying glance of the young woman. Then Louis raised his head and looked at her, but she averted her eyes, and continued her speech. "No wonder, Mr. Schaff that you were so terror stricken; for my part I should have fainted dead away, had I been in your situation; but really, Mr. Schaff, do you believe in ghosts?"

"I do!"

At this answer, Miranda frowned, and Henry smiled, but Louis looked very serious and earnest.

"Bother your ghosts!" cried Henry, reaching to the table for the cards, and shuffling them as he spoke. "Do you want to make our hairs turn white with excessive fright, on this cold night, eh? Come, my boy," he added, patting Louis familiarly on the back. "Come, let you and I, and all of us have a jolly little game of euchre, and forget all about spiritualism!"

"What, at this time of night?" protested Louis.

"It is late," said Miranda, "but we do not feel in the humor to retire—we may as well finish the game we began."

"Not I!" cried Louis, rising abruptly, "I must be going!"

"What!" cried Henry, catching him by the arm, and forcing him into his chair again. "None of that, my dear boy; we're going to make a night of it now, and you can't go; it's too stormy; you've no umbrella!"

"I have," answered Louis.

"Well, then you've no gum shoes, and you're here—and here you must remain."

"Why, certainly," added Miranda, "it would be madness to go out now, in this terrible storm. Stay here Louis, and we will try to amuse you."

So persuaded, the sullen Mr. Schaff drew his seat to the card table, and took his fate with the air of a man much injured. In fact, he appeared unwontedly gloomy and meditative, and played so mechanically as to provoke the rest of the party to slight censure.

"See here, Mr. Schaff; you're giving me twenty cards!" said Esther.

"Dreaming again!" said Miranda, shaking her head at poor Louis reprovingly, but Mr. Schaff's thoughts appeared to be elsewhere. All of a sudden he startled the company by dashing down the cards, and exclaiming:

"Hear that! Hear that!"

"Goodness, how you scare us!" cried Miranda. "What in the world are you thinking of?"

"Listen!" cried Schaff, bending eagerly forward as though he heard some alarming sound. "Listen! I have heard it a long time—that knocking. Do you hear it?"

It was the party's turn to be thrilled now. Breathlessly they hearkened and looked into each other's faces in silence. Sure enough, there was heard a low distant reverberation!

"What can it be?" whispered Esther, as a chill seemed to agitate her.

"Pshaw, nothing at all!" growled Henry.

"It is something! Don't be so emphatic, Henry!" said Esther.

"There it sounds again!" exclaimed Miranda. "Surely it must be in the house. It's a sound I never heard before! What can it be?"

"Maybe the vine blowing against the window upstairs!" suggested Esther, shrinking nearer the fireplace."

"Nothing of the kind!" said Miranda. "It comes from downstairs."

The sound which had so alarmed the little company was indeed a strange one. It resembled somewhat the dull, intermittent strokes that echo from the blows of the axe when wood is being chopped in the cellar. But it had a more unearthly, supernatural tone—sometimes being loud and quick in its motion, and at other times low, almost inaudible, and slow of movement. It certainly affected the listeners. They were huddled together with anxious faces, and silently hearkening for the slightest repetition of the mysterious sound.

"Oh, Mr. Schaff!" sobbed Esther. "What do you think it is; tell us!"—

"God knows!" answered the trembling Louis. "I'm a great coward, and willing to believe anything. Again! Did you hear it?"

"I have it," cried Henry; "it's the shutter banging in the wind."

"Possibly it may be," asserted Louis; "but I doubt it—I have fears."

"Of course it is a shutter, there now!" murmured Esther.

"Or cats!" said Henry.

"Nonsense, Henry," retorted Miranda. "This is getting really serious. We must find out what the sound means."

"It means," began Louis—

"What? Do tell us?" from Esther.

"That, as I supposed, the house is haunted!"

"Haunted!" from every lip.

"True, as I live!" returned Louis.

Miranda, at this juncture, smote the table somewhat forcibly with her dainty palm, and exclaimed:

"Enough of this folly! We must discover the truth at once."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Esther; "there it sounds again. What shall we do? We are all alone, too!"

"It's what I said it was," asserted Henry, going to the window and looking out. "My, my, how it is storming! And it is the noise of a shutter assuredly. Hear them all, how they bang!"

At this moment there came the same sound again, but louder, for a moment only, and then silence; but the noise was so different from that of a flapping shutter that the company could not fail to perceive it. They could not guess its whereabouts, or its cause. Suddenly a still more emphatic thump from the ghostly rapper, started the listeners to their feet, while Louis shouted in a voice tremulous with terror:

"It is down stairs! My God, we are bewitched!"

At that instant, *the gas went out!*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WEAKNESSES OF GREAT MEN.—The weakness of a great man is often that feature of his character or that particular inclination in him which has most interest for the student of humanity. That Cæsar was the first general and statesman of his age—that he conquered Gaul and laid the foundations of an empire which in name at least was to subsist for more than 1,800 years—these are no doubt facts of the utmost importance; but, after all, they are the dry bones of history. The philosopher is much more interested to learn that Cæsar loved to oil his hair; that he sincerely regretted its scantiness; and that he was excessively pleased when the Senate conferred on him the privilege of wearing a laurel crown, and thus enabled him partially to conceal the injury which nature or hard living had wrought. Dress has been one of the commonest weaknesses of great men, many of whom were not the less careful of their personal appearance, and on the whole the Great Slovens have probably been as numerous as the Great Dandies. Johnson, perhaps the greatest sloven of all ages, said one of the best things ever uttered against the puritanical view of this matter. "Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one."

FLOWERS ON GRAVES.—Among the early Greeks it was a custom to leave bequests for the maintenance of sepulchral rose-gardens over the graves of the testator.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

If history is said to repeat itself, what can be expected of the chronicler of Fashion when recording the changes of dress, for, in discussing the various bonnets, mantles, and dresses, with all the accessories belonging to each, we must finally attain the point at which Fashion has decided to rest on her laurels, while preparing for new conquests with her tasteful inventions and materials. Thus we can only retrace our steps over the field, lingering here and there, until the wonderful dame announces the inaugural of a new season, and her votaries may begin fresh explorations among the charming mysteries and treasures of the domains of dress.

The woollen materials are still the most popular for outdoor costumes; while for dressy costumes for indoor occasions there is every variety of brocaded, damasse, embossed, and other figured materials, which are added to plain fabrics of the same rich texture. Full scope is given to exercise one's taste and ingenuity in the fashion of combining these figured and plain materials together. A decided illustration of the assistance this fashion gives to one in varying their wardrobe, is the effective result seen by draping a long black silk dress, (which, perhaps, is slightly passe,) with a wide, full scarf of brocade or damasse, which is also used to trim the sleeves and corsage. This style is equally effective on a colored silk, and results in transforming the dress from old to new without much expense.

Lace, with beaded passementerie, is also used to trim black silks with dressy effect. The watered or lamines fringe is also making rapid strides towards popularity as a trimming, being equally effective on silk or black cashmere, and is particularly recommended for cloaks.

In addition to my allusion to machine stitching on dresses, I may mention that it is not unusual to see eight and ten rows of stitching on the dress, while a proportionate number is used on the jacket or coat.

A charming nouveaute in trimming which I think will please some of my youthful readers, is called the "feather ribbon;" the centre is a wreath of flowers on a bright-colored ground, while on either side a border of soft ravelled silk forms a feather fringe. It is quite effective when made into parures for the neck and wrists, with a quilling of lace each side, and will serve to illuminate with becoming effect, a sombre dress. It would be quite effective also as a trimming for evening dresses.

Speaking of fringe reminds me of a very simple and stylish costume I saw made of white India cashmere in the princesse form. The trimming was white crimped fringe, laid on with a tiny heading of a satin fold, beginning at the left hip and turning uninterruptedly around the skirt until it reached the bottom, which was edged with a pleating, showing a lace balayeuse underneath. The corsage was with basque back, and round belted front, and trimmed with the fringe, forming a point back and front.

Some of the most charming evening dresses for young girls are composed of white India muslin made over white or some pale shade of silk, and studded all over with tiny bouquets of pale flowers or knots of ribbon.

The corsage is either square cut, or gathered into a belt a la enfant; in either case, a wide satin sash is worn, falling in a succession of loops behind and laid in pleats to form a wide bell. I would suggest to those who have not the silk skirt, to use the pale shades of twilled cambric, which has a very glossy, silky appearance under thin materials.

A charming evening dress may be made of pale blue silk en princesse, that is, all in one from the low neck corsage down to the feet. The bottom of the front is trimmed with a quilling of blue gauze, over which falls a gathered silk ruffle cut in jagots. The long round train is edged with alternate plaitings of gauze and silk, which extend up the sides in narrow width to meet the drapery. This is of the blue gauze and is fastened across the front by garlands of wild roses in pale pink and cream shades. The drapery and flowers extend over the back and fall over the train. The gauze is fastened in puffs on the low neck corsage to form a bertha held in place by the roses with spaces between.

All the handsome costumes for indoor wear have the long plastron inserted in the front, and the richest effects are sought after by covering this piece with embroidery in silks, chenille and colored jet, which in their radiant reflections of light resemble precious stones. But for those who cannot achieve such extravagances of fashion, the style is carried out by the use of embossed velvet or damasse, which also supplies the rest of the trimming. There is no style which helps to freshen an old silk dress more than this.

An effective style of trimming a black silk is to form the plastron of alternate folds of silk and plain velvet, laid on diagonally to meet in the centre, like the letter V with the point down. A wide revers of embossed velvet is on each side; the corsage is a basque or waistcoat with long tails, with revers of the embossed velvet, and opening in front to show the plastron of folds as described above, which begin at the neck and extend to the bottom, which is finished off with a narrow pleating of silk. The train is trimmed with a silk pleating and a plain velvet ruffle, gathered on with a heading of velvet and silk.

For evening wear, when demi-toilette is required, pale shades of cashmere are very much used, made over silks of the same shade or black velvet skirts, pale blue, pink and ivory white are the favorites, and white lace is the most popular trimming.

I must not omit a few hints about arranging the hair, which I notice is not now quite so high on the head. A fashionable style is a quantity of tiny little curls, which is called the "Nilson;" another is composed of several rouleaux, fastened by a Spanish comb on the side. The Recamier style is more popular than any, and consists of loose puffs and curls at the top, but not many in number, and loose rings or flat curls on the forehead. The most conspicuous feature of hairdressing now is the decided diminution of false hair, and the heavy, overloaded appearance has given way to a light, becoming and natural appearance of the head and hair.

Ornamented pins are much used, particularly those with large tortoise shell balls, cut jet or filagree silver.

Luminous thistles and golden chestnuts, mingled with rows, and are arranged at the back of the head like a cachepeign.

Charming little breakfast caps are worn now by both young and old. They are made of tulle, gauze, silk, ribbon, flowers and lace, with such names as Sultana, Creole, Pompadour, Charlotte Corday, etc., and their becomingness and coquettishly effective appearance, have quite broken the line which formerly marked them on the list of articles for middle age.

An outside wrap, which is intended to take the place of the cloak in dress costumes, is the camail or pelerine, made of the dress material, and extending just below the shoulders behind and forming two squars tabs to the waist in front. The Carrick capes which are worn now, will be a decided feature of spring costumes when the heavy wrap is laid aside.

Bonnets for ordinary wear are of felt, or some are made of the dress material, but tulle, lace, or velvet, silk, gauze and plush are materials for dress bonnets. A very stylish bonnet was of white plush, trimmed with three ostrich tips, which curled up over the crown towards the front; three gold bees fastened them on the back. Very dressy bonnets are trimmed with wreaths of roses in rich shades, without leaves.

Our Fireside Chat.

What a budget of letters I have to read before the Home Circle this evening! They are a concentration of ideas from the four points of the compass, a sympathetic chain of thought which I hope will link my readers together on all subjects of mutual interest.

There is a letter from "Wild Rose," who asks why some people look better dressed in the most inexpensive garments, while she, with the richest dresses, and spending a heap of money on her wardrobe, never looks or feels well dressed. I have no doubt pretty "Wild Rose" looks far better than her modesty permits her to confess, but still her query suggests something of general interest.

Even with the aid of this "heap of money" and all the fashion guides, a lady is often clothed but not dressed, which proves that money alone is not the key-note to the art of dressing well.

The richest dress, however well-made, cannot look well unless it harmonizes with the personal appearances of the wearer, and the other articles of her toilette as well as her surroundings. Ladies will sometimes wear with a costly dress, collars and cuffs only suitable for a morning toilette, and with the latter a parure suitable for the costly dress. Another will wear a soiled cravat or imagine that dirty lace always looks well simply because it is real, or that a rich silk will conceal her soiled crepe lisse ruche, or a handsome feather can give freshness to an old rusty looking bonnet. All these rules apply to the art of being well dressed, just as the rules of wearing the appropriate dress on appropriate occasions; better be simply dressed with freshness, than overdressed with soiled passe finery. Other important points are never to dress beyond one's means, and to preserve the dress for walking separate for that for the home. Changing the dress on such occasions rewards one by the continued freshness of each. All elegant women prefer a simple, pretty and fresh-looking woollen dress, to a rich but soiled and crumpled silk, for the most costly toilette is ugly if wanting in freshness, while the simplest costume is charming if spotless and fresh in itself and accessories. I think with these hints that "Wild Rose" will discover very easily the path which leads to attaining the true art of dressing with taste and becomingness.

ECONOMY asks what is good to clean black silk. A large tablespoonful of soft soap, a pint of boiling water, half a pint of alcohol and a teaspoonful of molasses. Rub the silk with a piece of cloth until quite wet and iron on the wrong side; if it is too stiff add a more alcohol. This receipt was sent by one who found it quite good, but there are others which will be given if wanted. If any of my readers can send one which has proved good by experience, I will publish it.

HOME WORKER asks for hints to renovate a brown silk dress. Damasse can be used with great effect, and is not expensive. I have given several descriptions in back numbers which will be found a guide.

INVALID asks for something to wear in bed instead of a shawl, something warm and pretty. Very pretty sacques are made of white, pale pink or blue flannel, and trimmed with a ruffle of embroidery or Torchon lace.

KATIE has just finished a charming blanket to throw over one when napping. It is a dark blue blanket, with a narrow border of blue, stitched by machine in several rows, and a row of coarse Torchon lace trims the edge. Three double rows of insertion to match are sewed on down the centre and each side. The effect is particularly pleasing to an invalid's eye and any one else.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER asks if there is any way to utilize feathers which have been saved from plucking chickens and small game birds. Very pretty hand screens are made, and trimming for dresses. In the latter case care should be taken that the prettiest shades are selected, and with harmonizing effect. The feathers are first baked in the oven in mounting them for hand screens, a foundation of net stitched on a wire frame is used. The handle is fastened on first, and the feathers in circular rows, each fastened by gums. If dress trimming is made, the feathers are carefully sewed lapping each other on a band of tape.

There are several queries about fancy dress costumes which will be answered next week.

FANCY WORK asks for what purposes the Madras embroidery is used. It is very suitable for antimacassars, sofa cushions, and small table covers. The squares are worked with bright colored silks in different fancy stitches, such as coral and feather, etc.

HOUSEKEEPER writes for some hints toward renovating old carpets. A fashion much in vogue now is to stain the floors to imitate walnut. You can then pick out the best pieces of carpet and make a large rug for the centre of the floor, adding a border if you wish. There will be plenty of smaller pieces left for mats for the doors and elsewhere.

AN ARDENT ADMIRER expresses many thanks for the introduction of "The Fireside Chat," and will join the circle by asking a great many questions from time to time. She would like some hints on fancy work, useful articles, but without Penelope canvass.

[Will be happy to publish answers from my readers, and will give some hints next week.—ED.]

KATIE asks for something to revive her window plants which are withering. No doubt many of my readers can give suggestions.

MOLLIE asks how to make a pretty table cover.

OLD SUBSCRIBER asks for a receipt to strengthen the hair.

CONSTANT READER wants a receipt for making the genuine Yorkshire pudding. Here is one which I think will suit:

Break one egg into a large basin, add three spoonfuls of flower, a pinch of salt; mix by adding a little milk at a time, stirring with a wooden spoon until all the flour is taken in; then beat and stir until all the lumps have disappeared and it is quite smooth, then add more milk till it is a thin batter. Less than a pint of milk is sufficient. Half an hour before the meat is ready, put the batter into a hot flat dripping tin (the one I use is about fourteen inches square), which has been put under the meat, and has sufficient dripping in it just to cover the bottom. Place it in front of the fire under the meat, to catch the gravy dripping from the meat. When the pudding is set, raise it up a little to catch the fire, to slightly brown; turn the tin round till all the sides have been to the fire, taking care the edges do not burn. It should not be much puffed up, and the middle will not be browned; but the middle is the nicest. Cut it into squares and serve with gravy, Yorkshire fashion, before the meat. It can be made under mutton just as well. I put a warm oven plate under the tin to keep it steady; but it must not be too hot, because a Yorkshire pudding is never baked on the under side, should be this, and is never put into the oven.

Questions and answers published, and information given on all topics connected with the Ladies' Department.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ROPES FROM SHEEP'S ENTRAILS.—Ropes used for hoisting in mines are now made at Oakland, California, from sheep's entrails.

PAINTING ON PORCELAIN OR EARTHENWARE.—The colors used must be enamel mixed with turpentine. The china is glazed first and the enamel burnt in in muffles. The burning must be done by an experienced potter.

ELECTRICITY IN SLEEPLESSNESS.—Electricity has been employed to cure sleeplessness. The method is to place broad, flat electrodes on both temples, and allow the currents to pass for a half to a whole minute over them. When the application is made in the morning, the patient experiences a more or less pronounced inclination to sleep.

HYGROSCOPIC FLOWERS.—The "hygroscopic flowers" which have recently been somewhat extensively employed as indicators of the approach of rain or dry weather, do not appear to be a very modern application of a chemical fact. *Les Mondes* says that they were suggested by Berbelot in 1737, and that as early as 1792 they were manufactured for sale.

SUBSTITUTE FOR TIN AND NICKEL.—Columbium, which was discovered some fifty years ago, and which resembles nickel in its properties, but is more like tin in color, is now talked of as a substitute for both of these metals in the plating process. It has been very scarce, but deposits of it have recently been discovered in North Carolina and Colorado.

WATER-TIGHT PAPER.—Packing paper may be made water-tight by dissolving 1-2 lb. of white soap in one quart of water, and dissolving in another quart 1-2 oz.—apothecaries' weight—of gum arabic and 5-5 oz. of glue. The two solutions must be mixed and warmed, and the paper soaked in the mixture and passed between rollers or hung up to dry.

ALARM FOR JOURNAL-BOXES.—A French paper describes a simple apparatus, just invented, for giving an alarm when journal-boxes are not sufficiently oiled. It embraces a certain number of metallic tubes with elastic bottoms, filled with an expansible liquid, the whole inclosed in a small cylinder. The instrument can be attached to a turning arbor, and if the arbor heats the liquid dilates, forming an electric contact which sounds an alarm.

A PLAGUE OF COCKROACHES.—Cockroaches, it appears, have become exceedingly numerous in some parts of France. So grievous is the plague of these insects that the people have adopted some singular expedients for relief. Toads have been introduced into not only the gardens but the dwellings, and ladies are said to have even made pets of toads for the protection they afford. But one of the best results of the plague is that the people have taken to the rearing of the nightingales as an ally against the cockroaches.

ADULTERATION OF SPICES.—An examination of the ordinary cinnamon and pepper used for culinary purposes, recently made by the Berlin police authorities, has revealed the fact that cinnamon is largely adulterated with iron, ochre, Indian meal, mixed with the poorest bark, which had already been employed for the extraction of its oil of cassia. Pepper contained sand, bone dust and even wood. The adulteration of pepper by means of palm-seed meal is almost universal.

DETECTING SUBTERRANEAN SPRINGS.—In a leading French journal M. Baour states that in many instances permanent supplies of subterraneau water may be found by observing the quivering of the air on a clear summer day, when the sun is near the horizon and the air is still. By the aid of an assistant with two beacons, the outline of the quivering area may be marked out and wells dug at convenient points. The success of "divining rod" wielders may perhaps arise from a knowledge of this method.

ANIMAL OILS OR ENGINES.—When animal oils are employed as lubricants for the pistons, etc., on steam engines, the action of the steam converts the oils into fatty acids and glycerine in the cylinders. These products are carried into the condensers, and thence into the boilers, where they accumulate and form a milky, acid, mechanical mixture with the water. The acids soon attack the boiler plates, making large black deposits of a very dangerous nature. There can be very little doubt that many of the "mysterious" explosions of steam boilers on ocean-going vessels have been caused by the incrustations thus produced. M. Hetel has suggested as a remedy for the evil, the treatment of the feed water with lime water so as to neutralize the influence of the acids.

One bad result of female suffrage in Wyoming is said to be that the young men wickedly keep a record of the ages of unmarried spinsters who vote.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

JOHN J., (Watuga, N. C.)—The five great European powers are England, France, Germany, Russia and Austria.

V. A., (Tama, Iowa.)—No cosmetic nor artificial applications of any kind will remedy the defects of the complexion which you describe.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, (Racine, Wis.)—You must apply to a regular practical medical man. Nothing but a surgical operation can be of the least use to you.

A. G. S., (Benton, Minn.)—The sun crosses the line, coming north, at noon on the 21st of March, and again, going south, at noon on the 23d of September.

S. W., (Madison, N. C.)—French brandy is distilled from light-colored wines and the skins of grapes. British brandy is a cheaper compound of rectified spirits.

IRIS, (Washita, Iowa.)—The right of nullification was a claim on the part of a single State to nullify or destroy by its own act any legislation of the Federal Government which it might deem constitutional.

M. C., (Adams, Miss.)—Astrology is no science, and persons who pretend to tell fortunes by the stars are guilty of deception. Put no faith in what has been told you on the subject.

HAIRDRESSER, (York, Me.)—Your difficulty is the fruitful source of nine-tenths of the disputes between masters and apprentices. No master ought to employ his apprentice otherwise than in his legitimate calling.

JASPER, (Litchfield, Conn.)—An Imaum is an officer or priest in the Mohammedan religion who performs the daily duties of the mosques. In some parts of the Turkish empire he is both a religious and lay officer.

X. Y., (Montour, Pa.)—If your case is just, and you are cautious and careful in your statement, it is not too late to make known your wrongs and sufferings, though too long a time has elapsed to take any legal action in the matter.

DOUBT, (Seneca, Ohio.)—Whether a tenant, when leaving, may remove the trees and flowers which he has planted, depends upon the terms of his lease. As a general rule he must not disfigure the place in any shape or way. See a lawyer.

INQUIRER, (Rabun, Ga.)—The Ignorantines is a Roman Catholic society which originated in the last century. Its object is the gratuitous education of poor children. We are not aware that the institution was ever introduced in America.

NELLY, (Parke, Ind.)—The better way would be to inquire of people in such businesses in your neighborhood. Remember that neither men nor women can serve in shops without experience. Get your friends to aid you in going out.

G. L., (Carroll, Md.)—A person is not in his 'teens until he is thirteen, nor out of them until he is twenty years old. Although a child twelve years of age is in his thirteenth year, it must reach its thirteenth birthday before it can touch its 'teens.

N. B., (Pinksbury, Md.)—The best thing your friend can do is to consult a regular physician. There are hundreds of remedies for fever and ague, but none should be used without exactly understanding the case. Consult the druggist or doctor.

AGNES F., (Harrison, Tex.)—The difference of your ages, four years, is much too trifling to prove any serious obstacle to your marrying the person named. We should advise you not to lose the chance of a good husband by giving way to fanciful scruples.

R. J., (Cass, Ind.)—A will need not be drawn up by a lawyer; but it must be witnessed by two persons who have no interest in its provisions. In the second case you name, if the father regularly made over the property to the youngest son, the elder could not claim it.

MALCOLM, (Suffolk, N. Y.)—You will keep yourself better as a clerk than you would on the stage. If your prospects are not favorable for marriage, be honorable enough to liberate the young lady from all engagement with you; but you ought to have thought of this before.

L. S., (Philadelphia.)—Warm baths contribute greatly to the preservation of the complexion, by giving freshness and exquisite color to the skin. Persons who are very weak should not bathe; and when the body is too much heated, or covered with perspiration, the bath is not advisable.

A. M., (Doniphan, Kan.)—We scarcely know how to advise you in such a case; but if your daughter's voice be really so excellent, you could probably induce some professor of music to educate her on condition that he received her service in a kind of apprenticeship for a number of years.

P. L., (Barry, Mo.)—A gentlemen should, as a general rule, take off his glove before shaking hands with a lady; but this is not always necessary, as for instance in cases where parties are on very friendly terms, or when the weather is particularly cold, and some time would be occupied in drawing off the glove.

H. P., (Washington, Neb.)—A young lady, under an engagement of marriage, who encourages a third person, that does not know of her engagement, to write love-letters to her, must be either very thoughtless or mischievous, or else lacking in sentiments of honor. She should, of course, comply with the writer's demand for the delivery up to him of his letters.

PREX, (Waterport, New York.)—The words "*Ich Dien*," on the coronet of the Prince of Wales, are German, and signify "I serve." It was the motto of King John, of Bohemia, who was slain by Edward, the Black Prince, at the battle of Cressy. That Prince then assumed it, and it has since been used by the successive princes of Wales.

DOROTHEA, (Franklin, Mass.)—The duration of all mourning is, as a matter of fact, a sentiment dependent on the duration of the grief occasioned by the loss of the deceased. As a rule, a husband remains in mourning for a wife one year, and the mourning begins to diminish about the ninth month. The rule for a son mourning for his parent would be governed by the same principle.

MOLD, (Jefferson, Wis.)—The "philosopher's stone" was a thing dreamt of by the alchemists which, by "a strange alchemic touch," turned the baser metals—lead, iron, and copper—into gold; that is, it was asserted to have the power, if it could only be found. So lately as ten years ago there were those who dreamt of this transmutation; it is a dream which, as it appeals to man's greed, will not readily die.

ISOLT, (Luzerne, Pa.)—The facts are just the opposite. Shakspeare and Coleridge are abundant in every variety of skillfully-used rhythm, whereas Byron very commonly fails. Byron is a poet by force of his genius, not by force of his art. It is only when his soul is moved that his cadence and rhythm are really fine and pure. But in his songs, "Maid of Athens" and the "Isles of Greece," and the best parts of "Childe Harold," you will find plenty of rhythm.

DOMITRO THOMAS, (Mason, Ky.)—There is in Tottenham, England, a sisterhood founded by Congregationalists. Its name is the Order of Deaconesses. Its objects are to train ladies to be skilled nurses, and, whilst administering physical relief to the suffering poor, that they may also convey spiritual consolation. These ladies are required to remain single during their stay in the institution, but they take no vow and can leave when they like.

L. E. M., (Macomb, Mich.)—In former days, there being no surnames, such titles as William the Norman, William the Bastard, William of York, William of Malmsbury, etc., were common. So in Latin, men were most easily distinguished as John Duns *Scotus*, (Scotchman); Guilemus *Anglicus*, (Englishman.) With other people trades and places formed these names—John *Smith*, William *Carter*, Edward *Draper*, George *Redhouse*, James *Atte Hill*, now spelt Athill, etc.

MURPHY, (Providence, R. I.)—"*Aristos mentutor*,"—"Water is the best"—is not to be taken as a teetotal maxim, although undoubtedly as a thirst-quencher water is the best. The words are in the form usually quoted and printed, and form the first of the first line of the Greek poet Pindar's first Olympic ode, "Water the *first* of elements," as translated by Moore. *Aristos* is to be construed, as in the compound word "aristocracy," as first, chief, as well as best. What it probably means is this—that water, according to Thales, is the first thing—i. e., of all created things, the atoms of water first cohered.

S. L., (Tensas, La.)—The following is one account of the origin of the crescent on the flag of the Turkish empire. It dates back to an incident which occured three hundred and ninety years before Christ, before Alexander the